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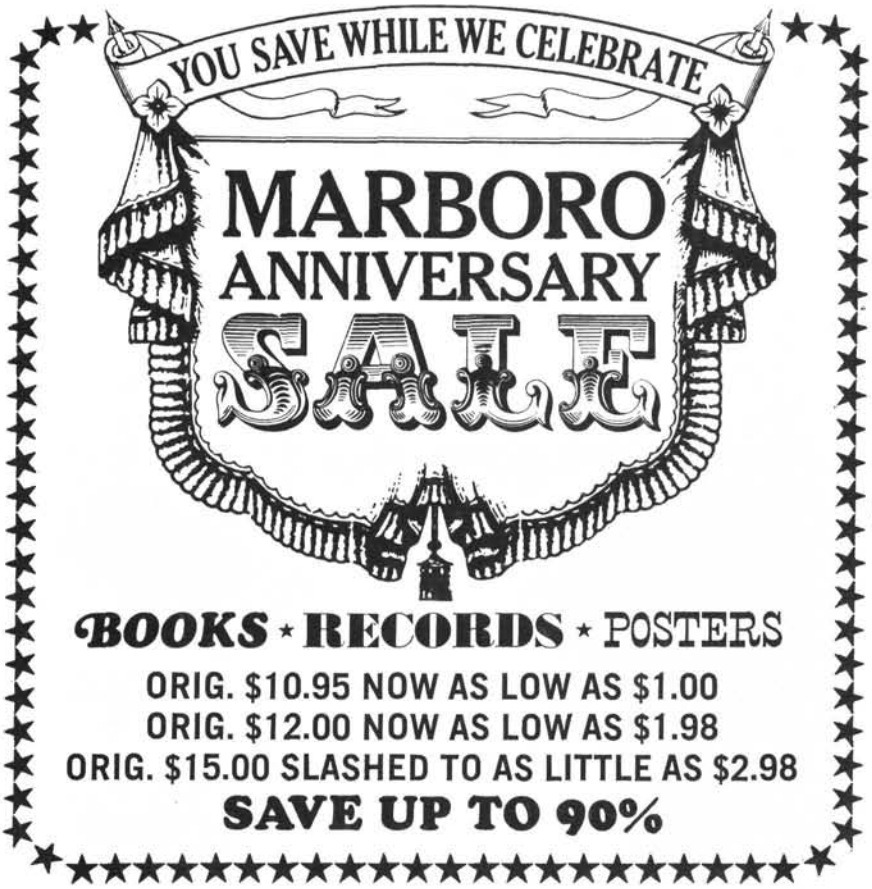
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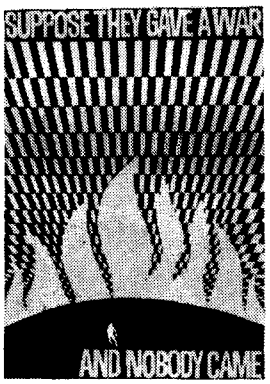

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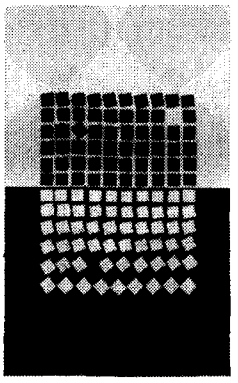

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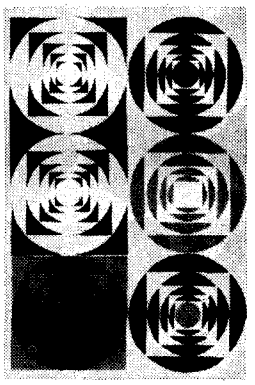

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T.R.B. from Washington

The Big Issue

★ The USA has solved the problem of creating wealth (one-third the world's industrial production) but not the problem of fairly allocating it. To us that is the big political issue of the time. Congress quivers in apprehension as the first groups of the Poor People's March converge on Washington. The poor used to keep discreetly out of sight. Not any more. We doubt they will go back to their obscurity.

Dozens of studies make these three points about America: Its wealth is growing astonishingly ($35 billion a year after allowing for inflation); it puts less new wealth into the public sector of the economy than other nations; it pays less overall taxes (federal, state and local) in proportion to gross national product than other nations. It could levy more taxes, it could make more reasonable allocation, it has the money. What is lacking is the political will.

We have as Undersecretary of Commerce a man named Howard Samuels who made these interesting contrasts in a speech at Hot Springs, Va., May 2: "We spend as much for chewing gum as for model cities. We spend as much for hair dye as for grants to urban mass transit. We spend as much for pet food as on food stamps for the poor. We spend more for tobacco than government at all levels spends on higher education. We spend $300 million for jewelry, and quarrel over $10 million for the Teachers Corps."

Others have made these brutal comparisons before. The point is that now there are riots, a report showing 10-million ill-fed, a March on Washington, and a series of developments hinting at something new; there's a trend; there's momentum. We noted these items just recently: A 12-man committee of "national business leaders," named by Governor Rockefeller, advocated a "negative income tax" to lift the nation's 30 million poor above the poverty threshold. (*NYTimes*, April 30, front page.) Spokesmen for organized Protestants, Catholics and Jews backed a House bill to make the government the employer of last resort (May 8). The day before that, George Meany for the AFL-CIO backed the same O'Hara bill. And Walter Reuther's UAW backed a guaranteed annual income last week.

Meanwhile, as we wrote here last week, the upper five percent of the population gets 20 percent of the national income; the lower 20 percent get five percent. Five and twenty, live on plenty; twenty and five, stay alive. So the poor march on Washington.

We believe either McCarthy, Kennedy or Humphrey would try to do something drastic about this if elected President. What we worry about is an election with an inadequate mandate. There is no clear Democratic leader at the present time: the Indiana primary didn't give us the answer; we doubt that the Nebraska poll will, either.

One can never be grateful enough to Barry Goldwater for his gift to the nation: a stunning mandate to LBJ which the latter turned into a splendid basket of social reform legislation. But after that came the niggardly 90th Congress. The old GOP-Dixie coalition was back in again. If there is a close election this fall, conservatives might still control, whichever party wins.

In every speech Nixon makes in this field he urges a *reduction* of federal expenditures in the public sector, and a *decrease* in federal control. His emphasis on meeting the slum problem, for example, is to bring in private enterprise; give them a tax bonus for taking over. A recent GOP congressional task force report, "Federal Fiscal and Monetary Policies," set out the party's public philosophy. It recognizes the happy phenomenon of growing national wealth and consequent increased federal revenue (the social bonus) and it wants to pass this back to the public all right. But how? By a series of annual tax cuts. The poor, of course, don't pay income taxes. Simply turning the money back in lower taxes would swell the share of the private sector (tobacco, autos, pet foods) at the expense of the public sector (schools, slum clearance, food stamps).

Torture Title

★ As a general rule TRB objects to torture. Of course in criminal prosecutions it does speed up confessions. Admittedly, the police are underpaid, put in long hours and are not fully appreciated. A thumbscrew in the backroom or just an old-fashioned bull whip would simplify their day. They could knock off earlier, get home sooner, and participate longer in the family life they so much enjoy. The omnibus crime bill now pending in the Senate would doubtless facilitate this result.

In 1936 the Supreme Court accepted jurisdiction in a case from Mississippi in which a state court has accepted "voluntary confessions" from Negroes obtained by systematic beating (a deputy sheriff who acknowledged whipping one defendant said he hadn't been unduly severe, "not too much for a Negro; not as much as I would have done were it left to me."). Chief Justice Hughes in the historic *Brown* v. *Mississippi* case asserted the High Court's right to review such confessions. Since then the Court, to the outrage of right-minded crime fighters, has extended this authority. It has sought to impose civilized procedure in the criminal process. Some suspects have gone free because of police violations of the Bill of Rights. It is the old conflict between the rights of the individual and the rights of society. The pending omnibus crime bill would wipe out the Supreme Court's jurisdictional authority over state courts in this and kindred fields.

This is one of the most vicious bills that we have seen in a good many years. It is coupled with a weak provision to regulate firearms, a worthwhile federal appropriation to help improve local police, and a flagrant extension of wiretapping and bugging. The key section is Title II, the torture title.

Senator Tydings (D, Md.) queried law schools and at late count had replies from 32, signed by 164 legal scholars, including 18 deans, *unanimously* condemning this provision. Senator McClellan, the bill's sponsor, says it's necessary to combat crime.

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CONTENTS

COMMENT 5-7
3 Candidates, 2 Cheers, Talks in Paris

Nebraska Primary – The Ifs, Ands and Buts – *John Osborne* 7

Vietnam News Embargo – *Zalin B. Grant* 9

Britain's Race Row – *Brian Wenham* 10

Unfoods: Do You Know What You're Eating? – *David Sanford* 13

Columbia's Real Estate Venture – *James Ridgeway* 15

Czechoslovakia's New Course – *Ross Terrill* 19

Take a Giant Steppe – *Stanley Kauffmann* 24

The Revolt Against Becoming – *Richard Gilman* 25

BOOKS – *Reviews by Richard Howard, Joseph Featherstone, Gertrude Himmelfarb, Edward F. Sherman, Boris Weintraub* 27

CORRESPONDENCE 39

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3 Candidates, 2 Cheers

As we read the tea leaves, the Indiana primary changed nothing. Senator McCarthy, who as of last week could count on at least 213 delegates, continues to do better than most pundits and nearly all the politicians thought he would. But he still suffers from underexposure and unskilled staff work. Senator Kennedy has his name, high-powered general and field staffs and is heavily favored among what Arthur Schlesinger Jr. calls the "outcasts at home." But he cannot shake off the demeaning charge of having gone into battle too late. Vice President Humphrey is the preferred candidate of the party organization (and a good chunk of the business community), but his "politics of joy" cannot free itself from the joyless fact of his having been an advocate, if not an architect, of the calamitous war in Asia.

Post mortems on Indiana sound suspiciously like the dope stories written several weeks before May 7. By winning a comfortable plurality (42 percent), Kennedy established himself as the man to beat in forthcoming primaries, without showing the kind of invincible strength normally credited to a Kennedy in a Democratic primary. His biggest plus was his respectable showing among white-blue-collar workers in the steel belt running from East Chicago through Gary to South Bend, the same day he was rolling up enormous percentages in black precincts. Senator McCarthy, after winning four straight primaries, had to stay alive in Indiana in order to keep his forces intact for the real test – California. He did, by doing just a little better (27 percent) than most observers expected.

No single group is more anxious to read the returns correctly than the 19 Democratic senators who are seeking reelection this year. Until President Johnson pulled out (all praise to McCarthy), most of them had a fairly good idea of their prospects. Some, like Sen. George McGovern (D, S.D.) and Sen. Frank Church (D, Idaho), both from small, conservative states with GOP inclinations this year, had been drawing strength from their dovish independence of LBJ. Now they and their colleagues must calculate anew. Which of the three contenders will help them the most in their races? A few, like Sen. Mike Monroney (D, Okla.) and Ernest Hollings (D, S.C.), turn pale at the thought of running on a ticket with Kennedy. On the other hand, Kennedy's ability to pull together the black and white working-class vote in Lake County steel precincts in Indiana may be good news to a man like Sen. Joe Clark (D, Pa.), who barely managed to win renomination and has to worry about his own weakness in similar

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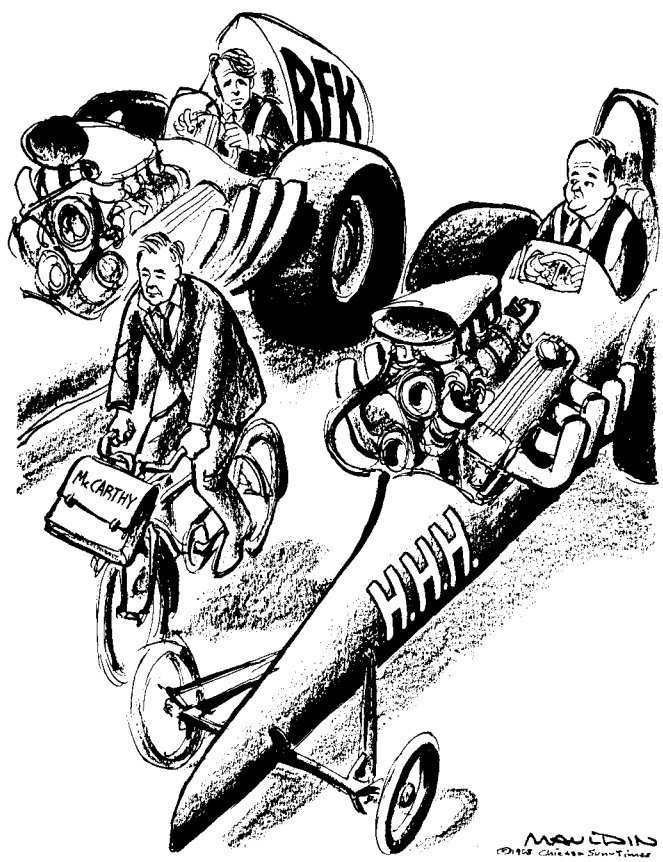
precincts. He might welcome a Kennedy-led ticket.

Possibly the wisest, certainly the safest, of all the politicians is Sen Carl Hayden (D, Ariz.), who last week announced his retirement after 56 years in Congress. He did it the day before Ohio voters retired his old-fashioned but not nearly so aged colleague, Frank Lausche of Ohio. Lausche's opponent, 47-year-old John J. Gilligan, is a liberal whose polished rhetoric and sassy sophistication cast him more as a thinking-man's scholar than a main-bout slugger. Yet he scored one of the most startling knockouts in Ohio political history. Nearly one million Ohio Democrats who went to the polls gave him a 125,613 majority.

Between now and California, there is Nebraska, which doesn't seem quite so crucial any more, plus many state conventions, precinct caucuses, as well as the national convention this weekend of Americans for Democratic Action (ADA). Early in February, when McCarthy's prospects were the worst, before his New Hampshire campaign began to catch hold, the ADA national board gave Gene McCarthy his first real boost by endorsing him. It is doubtful if either the Humphrey or the Kennedy backers can muster enough support in ADA to overturn that endorsement. An effort will therefore probably be made to reaffirm it, while recognizing that his two new opponents are "nice guys" who just weren't around before.



The Quiet American

Meanwhile, supporters of McCarthy have continued to win at a county convention level in the State of Washington, taking the entire Yakima delegation and winning a major slice in such communities as Vancouver and Ellensburg. Earlier, McCarthy took Seattle by storm. In Colorado, where a strong anti-Johnson movement was emerging, supporters of Humphrey appeared to have won the precinct caucuses in labor strongholds such as Denver and Pueblo, while McCarthy took Boulder, the site of the University of Colorado. As a result, Humphrey will probably have a majority of the Colorado delegation, following a strong pattern already developing in the Rocky Mountain states. Governor Hoff of Vermont and Senator Young of Ohio, who had earlier come out for Robert Kennedy, have shifted into neutral. And the McCarthy people are fairly confident of doing well in the Florida and Oregon primaries on May 28.

In any pre-convention campaign as hard fought as this one, perspective is easily lost. A balanced judgment of the Democratic threesome would keep foremost in mind the unpromising alternative offered by Richard Nixon. It would keep in mind too the fact that presidential candidates should not be measured solely by when and why they chose to run, or how and why they cast this vote or that. The true measure is fitness to deal wisely with the unforeseen opportunities and dangers of the next four years. On that scale, Democrats and Independents have reason for satisfaction. Neither McCarthy, Humphrey nor Kennedy is complacent; each is a proved enemy of racism and poverty and understands that justice is the only sure foundation for law and order. Insofar as they differ, and the differences may narrow, it is on what the bitter experience of Vietnam has taught them. The Democratic Party may lose the Presidency in November, but not because it has picked a conservative mediocrity.

Talks in Paris

Whether the talks in Paris are very short or very long depends at the start on what instructions have been given Ambassador Harriman and Mr. Vance regarding North Vietnam's demand for unconditional cessation of all acts of war against the North, including bombing. Washington still wants some reciprocity, like fewer North Vietnamese troops moving into the South. Hanoi's reply hitherto has been that reciprocity means North Vietnam not bombing America! If this hurdle can be overcome, the talks might move on to discussions about a return to the 1954 Geneva agreements, which both sides have frequently said they

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want. An exact return is not possible; history is rarely so obliging. Partly because they feel they were swindled in 1954, partly because their close, colossal neighbor China strongly disapproves of their dealing with Americans about anything, the North Vietnamese may regard negotiations as simply a means of officially sealing and stamping whatever gains they and the southern Viet Cong manage on the battlefield. The high military hopes expressed recently by General Westmoreland suggest that he is prepared, rightly or wrongly, to go along with that approach to negotiations. He sometimes speaks as if he were confident that the enemy is about down to the bottom of his manpower barrel, and that the Tet and subsequent offensives are little more than a losing gambler's last bluff. Hanoi and the Viet Cong, on the other hand, are taking into account that, comes the monsoon, the Americans won't be able to do much effective flying or fighting.

The Paris talks can be constructive nonetheless, if the lessons of what actually happened at Geneva 14 years ago this July are fully grasped. On July 20, 1954, the French and Viet Minh military agreed to cease hostilities and set up a provisional military demarcation line between what is now North and South Vietnam. Next day, a "final declaration" that nobody signed and that was partly objected to by the US and by the Vietnamese politicians in Saigon, talked about a political solution for Vietnam, including internationally supervised elections to reunite the temporarily divided country. Ho Chi Minh assumed that if the French armies withdrew (and they had just agreed to do so, and did) he could reasonably count on winning the proposed 1956 elections. He failed to anticipate this country's stepping into France's Vietnam shoes and backing Ngo Dinh Diem's bid to turn South Vietnam into a sovereign independent nation. In 1955, Ho professed to be all for consultations about internationally supervised Vietnam elections as provided in the Geneva Declaration (a provision our State Department never took seriously). Diem, backed by John Foster Dulles and President Eisenhower, refused to consult.

All these same old questions, including a separate South Vietnam, are bound to arise again now. But the Paris talks if they are to succeed will have to lead to a different course of action than that which followed Geneva. This time, if the discussions get that far, Hanoi seems sure to insist on securing American signatures to binding documents. The US will have to face frankly the prospect that Vietnam will be reunited, though not soon, and will then profess one or another of the fairly numerous brands of communism on the market. The Geneva agreements gave no sanction to an independent South Vietnam. There is in existence today an independent sovereign South Korea, recognized as such by a majority of nations. But the United Nations won that war. A more imminent prospect than reunification is a new Saigon government with the Viet Cong in it. The Viet Cong hope to be dominant and are pushing a so-called "Alliance of National Democratic and Peace Forces." The Saigon regime's far from brilliant response to this ploy is, not to strengthen itself with non-communist allies, but to do its best to drive all such potential allies into the Alliance's camp, by imprisoning and persecuting politicians and religious leaders in the South whose "crime" is to agree with views on the war expressed by such Americans as Senators John Sherman Cooper, Mark Hatfield, Robert Kennedy, Eugene McCarthy and Mike Mansfield. This country carries more than enough weight in Saigon to quash such folly. And by doing so it might help smooth in Paris the long and winding path to a settlement.

Nebraska Primary— The Ifs, Ands and Buts

Omaha

The Nebraska primaries were 10 days away when David Evans said, "This campaign can be won. The question is, *will* it be won?" He meant, won for and by Senator Eugene McCarthy. Evans, 26, is a gangling fellow with a soft voice, a jutty jaw, and eight years of experience in Nebraska politics and government. He worked as a college fledgling for Democratic candidates in 1960, served former Governor Frank Morrison as a special assistant, and was teaching political science at Wayne State College when he quit in March to run the Nebraska campaign. His assertion and his question pretty well summed up the hopes and frustrations of the McCarthy forces on the eve of the last push before May 14.

McCarthy could have lost Nebraska in Indiana. But barring catastrophe or triumph for him on a scale unforeseen, the Indiana results were not expected to make a crucial difference in Nebraska. It was rather a matter of dates and resources. The earlier primary, coming just a week ahead of Nebraska's, had sucked up the candidate's time and indispensable presence, most of the available campaign money, and most of the collegiate canvassers from other states who were as vital to the McCarthy effort in Nebraska as they had been in New Hampshire and Wisconsin. Viewed from Omaha and Lincoln, the state capital, the near conjunction of the two primaries had also seemed to create problems of management that were too much for the senator and his national staff. In the stretch, with McCarthy in the state on four of the six days left for

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campaigning after Indiana voted, the indications that a golden chance had slipped away could be reversed. But the expressed anxieties of his supporters were not to be put down to the usual tactical poor-mouthing. "We have got to get this man before the people," David Evans said, adding and repeating in a tone close to anguish, "do we have the time? Do we have the time?" And – did they have the money, the organization, the bodies required for additional exposure of their man by way of television, radio, newspaper ads, personal advocacy?

The favored view, the one that visiting journalists tended to purvey, was that Evans and his co-workers were deluded when they attributed their uncertainties to time and poverty. According to this version, Senator Robert Kennedy was sure to win and win big in the Democratic primary and there was nothing much that McCarthy could do about it. "It's Kennedy and Nixon and that's about all, isn't it?" an Eastern newspaper editor impatiently asked a correspondent in Omaha. Both McCarthy and Kennedy had been briefly in and out of Nebraska. Kennedy also would be back in the final days, and he had demonstrated far the greater crowd appeal. His own presence aside, his Nebraska organization and promotion outmatched McCarthy's by every conventional measure. From the ghetto of metropolitan Omaha to the plains townlets in the West, the story was the same. At the Sheraton Fontenelle Hotel in Omaha, the McCarthy state headquarters (later shifted to Lincoln) occupied two tiny rooms off a street-entrance corridor. The Kennedy people had 10 rooms on the second floor. At the strategic town of Kearney in central Nebraska, the McCarthyites operated from a hole-in-the-wall with what help they could get from Kearney State College students and teachers. A full-time Kennedy staffer from Washington directed operations in a motel; local volunteers had attractive midtown quarters. Two Kennedy speechwriters toured the state, assembling eight to 10 politicos in the principal towns and systematically milking their knowledge of local issues and attitudes. Kennedy's sweep across Nebraska by chartered train on April 27 was a marvel of lavish efficiency, contributing materially to the impression of an irresistible Kennedy juggernaut. "He traveled like I thought only Presidents travel," a neutral but awed Omaha Democrat who went along said afterward. "He had everything but the Secret Service, and I'm not sure he didn't have one of those of his own." The higher estimates of Kennedy spending ($500,000) may have been exaggerated, but it certainly exceeded anything McCarthy could afford or that the well-heeled Republicans supporting Richard Nixon in their primary attempted. "We have never seen anything like it in this state," said a Humphrey-Johnson Democrat who remembers the outpouring of Oklahoma and other oil money in a vain effort to defeat Kefauver in the 1952 Nebraska primary.

But those who took a big Kennedy win for granted overlooked some qualifying factors. Conservative Nebraska is changing, and changing in ways that could have benefited Eugene McCarthy as well as Robert Kennedy. This is the first election year when voters in places with less than 7,000 population have had to register, and the results have surprised politicians of all parties. The state, long supposed to be about 60-40 Republican and Democratic, turns out to be nearer 50-50, and many of the unsuspected Democrats have turned up in rural areas. They may be as conservative as their Republican neighbors, but the new balance in the registered total of some 650,000 voters indicates that traditionally conservative Nebraska may not be all that conservative (there was a time, after all, when it produced Senator George W. Norris). The initially bitter popular reaction to fiscal and social-service reforms pushed through the one-chamber legislature last year by moderate Republican Governor Norbert Tiemann has begun to wane, suggesting to the hardest of hard-line Republicans that they may not know their constituencies as well as they thought they did. Richard Herman, a youngish Omaha businessman who directed Barry Goldwater's losing Nebraska campaign in 1964, is prepared to be happy with Richard M. Nixon and, if put to it, might tolerate Nelson Rockefeller this year. John Mason, a Lincoln lawyer who has devised a statewide Rockefeller organization of sorts, is convinced that his man could have won the Republican primary if he had been confident enough soon enough to enter it. George Cook, the insurance company president who signs Nixon's campaign advertisements, was fooling nobody when he said that he was "not a bit worried" over the prospects of a strong Rockefeller write-in by Republicans who want a winner and see the makings of one in Rockefeller's relatively liberal stance.

The Democratic scene before primary day at once encouraged and tantalized McCarthy supporters. Mr. Johnson's withdrawal and the crawl toward Vietnam negotiations had improved the President's standing and defused the war issue. But these developments did not appear to have diminished Senator McCarthy's demonstrated and potential appeal. Here it must be said that the indicators were probably less reliable in Nebraska than in any other contested state. There had been no recent statewide polls. The Kennedy men, for all of their professed confidence, insisted that they had run no pre-primary tests and intended to make none. College polls generally went in Kennedy's favor, but they were doubtful guides to the electoral temper. McCarthy canvassers, the only sources of anything like inclusive information, reported that the majority

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of interviewed householders did not know how they were going to vote a fortnight before the primary. The canvassers said they found strong support for McCarthy, and pronounced antipathy to Kennedy, in the white-collar neighborhoods and suburbs of Omaha and Lincoln, and discouragingly less enthusiasm for him in wage-class neighborhoods. Adults who liked McCarthy generally liked him for himself, for their image of him as a restrained and honest and decent man, more than for his war and other formal stands. At Doane College in Crete, a small town near Lincoln, political-science students found esteem for McCarthy rising steadily among 75 citizens whom they interviewed monthly, and also that Nelson Rockefeller surpassed all other figures in all parties. But the major finding of the McCarthy canvassers, the one that accounted for David Evans' near-frenzy of frustration, was that appalling numbers of citizens simply did not place McCarthy. A Negro maid, asked why she favored Kennedy over McCarthy, replied, "McCarthy? I'm not going to vote for that Republican!"

Most of Nebraska's approximately 50,000 Negroes live in Omaha and Lincoln, some 42,000 of them are in Omaha's ghetto wards, and most of the 10,000 or so registered voters among them were accounted sure for Kennedy. Police abuse during a ghetto arrest led to Omaha's third spate of rioting and looting in recent times on April 27, while Kennedy was speaking in the magnificent Civic Auditorium, and no electorate anywhere could be more conscious of "crime in the streets" and racial antagonisms than white Nebraskans are. White politicians tend to minimize the importance of the Negro vote in any but local contests, however, and during the week of April 29 the McCarthy forces seemed to be making the same mistake. The handful of young Negroes trying to stir some awareness of and support for McCarthy in black Omaha worked from a dilapidated and abandoned cafe. Dale Anders, a 24-year-old chair-car attendant on the Union Pacific Railroad, and John Beasley, also 24, a Bell telephone employee then on strike, said they had received precisely $20 from McCarthy headquarters and were financing their efforts with the little money they and a few friends could spare. Down the street, Kennedy blacks led by Jack L. West, an emerging ghetto leader, enjoyed the use of well-furnished offices with ample funds and transportation. West could tell his people that Kennedy leaders were urging the senator to spend some time in black Omaha during his next visit. McCarthy's spokesmen, tied by his air of detachment from the racial issue, had declined to let Anders and Beasley say even that much.

This report began with the quoted view that McCarthy could win and the more general view that Kennedy was sure to win. Both appraisals require definitions of "win." President Johnson is still on the preferential Democratic ballot, along with McCarthy and Kennedy, and Vice President Hubert Humphrey is a write-in candidate. Under Nebraska's complex primary law, the Democratic convention delegation (28 elected members, 30 votes) to be chosen on a separate ballot could be divided between Kennedy, McCarthy and Humphrey, however the legally nonbinding preferential vote goes. A few days in advance of the primary, politicians who fancy themselves experts on election results more or less agreed on the following basis for scoring the outcome of the preferential vote. Less than 50 percent of the total Democratic vote would be a serious setback for Kennedy and anything near or under 40 percent would be a disaster for him. McCarthy needed at least 25 percent to look at all well, 35 percent or better for what he could reasonably call a success if the remaining 25 to 35 percent goes to Johnson-Humphrey.

JOHN OSBORNE

Vietnam News Embargo

Alsop Lets His Friends Down

Saigon

Finding the enemy has been a big problem in Vietnam. Before the US launches a major ground operation in an enemy area, reconnaissance planes swoop in to photograph every nook of the terrain, giant B-52 bombers drop tons of bombs on suspected enemy troop concentrations, and artillery batteries bombard landing zones with thousands of shells. Finally scores of whirring helicopters land US infantrymen in the operational area. With such massive notification, it is hardly surprising the enemy is seldom found in force.

Nonetheless, the US command here has become increasingly worried that early press reports of military operations might alert the enemy. So when US troops kicked off the big Ashau Valley operation now under way in the northwest corner of South Vietnam, General William Westmoreland decreed for the first time that no information would be released on a major US operation until the operation was completed – or nearly so.

A few days after the Ashau operation began, Westmoreland told reporters on the scene that permission to write about the operation would be withheld for some time, possibly weeks. Secrecy, the general said, was necessary in order to save American lives. The embargo decree did not sit well with some reporters who had already spent five dangerous days with US troops on the operation, but everyone agreed to comply with the order.

Ironically, Westmoreland's new security policy was

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violated for the first time by columnist Joseph Alsop, who as the super-hawk of American journalism has been the Pentagon's best friend – and Westmoreland's bitter-end supporter. In his syndicated column of April 26, datelined Nhatrang, Alsop disclosed that the US First Cavalry Division (Airmobile) had invaded the North Vietnamese stronghold in the Ashau Valley, a key enemy supply base on the Laos border, where a US Special Forces camp had been overrun by North Vietnam in March 1966, inflicting one of the most embarrassing defeats on the US of the war.

Alsop has been received on his numerous semi-annual visits to Vietnam like a five-star general. US military and embassy officials have washed him with Top Secrets, chauffeured government cars have been put at his disposal and helicopters made his to command. His VIP treatment has become legend. So has his response. On a trip to an aircraft carrier in the Tonkin Gulf, one story has it, he once demanded a plane be made available to fly him to Hong Kong, and sent a stinging cable to the Navy's Pacific headquarters when the ship's captain refused the demand. In Danang, Air Force officers still recount the chewing out he gave a colonel when his private jet failed to arrive on time. On his visits, Alsop commandeers the air-conditioned guest room of Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker's pleasant villa. From there he summons high mission officials for sessions that turn into (say some who have endured them) interminable Alsopian lectures on keeping morale up and pressing onward with the war. When someone suggested during the 1961 Laotian crisis that Alsop would like to see US soldiers thrown into Laos, President Kennedy said: "Joe's a good friend but he's not worth two divisions of American troops."

From Ambassador Bunker's villa, Alsop sallies forth to the field where he is briefed by generals and – judging from his reports – laden with captured enemy documents. Occasionally, though, Alsop does see a bit of the action. Recently a general's helicopter in which he was riding drew a couple of rounds of sniper fire, a common occurrence in Vietnam. "It was exhilarating," said Alsop later. "Getting shot at makes me feel younger." Getting shot at, needless to say, has the exact opposite effect on an infantryman daily slogging his way through rice paddies.

When his column appeared in Washington, correspondents here were furious. Wire service copy and newspaper stories had piled up on editors' desks in Saigon, and TV film taken on the operation had been shipped to New York with strict instructions against airing it until the Ashau operation – called Operation Delaware – was officially released. Under the pressure created by Alsop's column, Westmoreland reluctantly agreed to partially lift the embargo on the operation. Thus 10 days after the operation began, the first reports – besides the column – started to pour out of Vietnam about the Ashau operation, which – along with Operation Pegasus at Khesanh – is the most dramatic US operation of the year.

Had any reporter here broken the story before it was officially released, his military accreditation as a correspondent would have been suspended by Westmoreland's command. When reporters in Saigon asked if Alsop's Vietnam accreditation would be lifted for this violation, a US general said: "If I had my way, it would."

"Is that on the record?" asked another reporter.

"No," replied the general weakly.

ZALIN B. GRANT

Britain's Race Row

The Demagogic Appeal to "Quite Ordinary" People

London

Three times now, and quite quinquennially, John Enoch Powell has donned his hairshirt and marched off into the wilderness. His friends take this as confirmation that in this one man principle ultimately will out; others suspect that principle is being put to work for Powell's own self-advancement. The first two periods of exile were self-imposed. In 1958, Powell parted company with the Macmillan government, no longer able to reconcile government spending with his free-market philosophy. In 1963, he jibbed again, this time because Lord Home had come down from on high to be Sir Alec Douglas-Home, party leader and prime minister. The 1958 episode served to confirm Powell's bona fides with the Tory right; the 1963 stand somehow endeared him to many of the more "democratic" elements on the party left. No great surprise then in 1965, when Home quit, Powell felt moved to offer himself for the succession. He did not expect to win – he picked up a handful only of the votes – but he achieved his main aim; he established himself as the candidate in the wings, ready for the time the Tory party might fancy a choice rather than an echo. Since 1965 in a series of well-timed naughty speeches he has sought to reinforce his claim as the standard-bearer of true Toryism, always however keeping just within the limits of what Ted Heath, his party boss, might be expected to tolerate. Always, that is, until in his Birmingham address on immigration, April 20, he finally blew his cool, and Britain's.

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The speech is a masterpiece of scaremongering, the first from any front-rank politician on the race issue. Deftly Powell pins the more emotive sections of his speech on that fund of good sense, "quite ordinary" British people. There is a man who tells Powell to his ashen face: "If I had the money to go, I wouldn't stay in this country. In 15 or 20 years the black man will have the whip hand over the white man." (Statistic: immigrant percentage of population: 1968 – two percent; 2,000 – estimate 5 percent.) There is the woman old-age pensioner in Wolverhampton he hears of who, "lost her husband and both her sons in the war. So she turned her seven-room house, her only asset, into a boarding house. Then the immigrants moved in. The quiet street became a place of confusion. Her white tenants moved out. Immigrant families have tried to rent rooms in her house, but she always refused. She is becoming afraid to go out. Windows are broken. She finds excreta pushed through her letter-box," and so on. (Point: a small army of journalists have tried to discover just who this woman is, without success. Question: why didn't she complain to the police?) But the woman is not alone in her anguish. Britons in areas of heavy immigration "found their wives unable to obtain hospital beds in childbirth, their children unable to obtain school places, their homes and neighborhoods changed beyond recognition, their plans and prospects for the future defeated." (Observation from the report on *Immigrants and the Social Services* – per capita claim for immigrants: £48.7 per annum, for total population: £62.4 per annum.)

There follows Powell on discrimination. "The discrimination and the deprivation, the sense of alarm and of resentment, lie not with the immigrant population but with those among whom they have come and are still coming." (Note: widespread research has confirmed discrimination against immigrants, particularly in employment and housing. Hence well-argued pressure on the Labour government to bring in legislation on these points. Hence the Labour government's present bill.) But for Powell this is not the point. "It almost passes belief that at this moment 20 or 30 additional immigrant children are arriving from overseas in Wolverhampton alone every week – and that means 15 or 20 additional families a decade or two hence. Those whom the gods destroy they must first make mad. We must be mad, literally mad, as a nation to be permitting the annual inflow of some 50,000 dependents, who are for the most part the material of the future growth of the immigrant-descended population. It is like watching a nation busily engaged in heaping up its own funeral pyre." (Present British policy on immigration: 8,500 immigrants may obtain employment vouchers each year. Last year only 5,000 did so. Government calculations are that on average an immigrant brings in three dependents. Basic inflow therefore: 34,000 if all vouchers taken up, 20,000 if only 5,000 taken up. The 50,000 figure for 1967 includes a substantial backlog of dependents of immigrants who arrived some time ago. It is not likely to be sustained.) But nothing can ease Powell's dread. He ends as the classics professor he once was: "Like the Roman, I seem to see 'the river Tiber foaming with much blood'."

Ted Heath studied the speech, concluded not surprisingly that the tone was racist, and Enoch was off into the wilderness yet again. But on this trip he is far from alone. His call for the "public will to demand and obtain action" has given race prejudice a veneer of respectability and given Powell himself some strange and not wholly respectable allies. It being good weather, scattered groups of workers, dockers mostly, saw the chance for time off and took it. Baying EEE-noch, EEE-noch, some marched on Parliament in the name of free speech, booing any immigrants they came across en route. Present and erstwhile supporters of Mosley and other right-wing fringe groups came out from wherever they keep themselves to add spice to the occasion. (Mosley himself is, of course, still alive and well, mostly on the continent of Europe.) Other "quite ordinary" British people have been moved in their thousands to write of their fears and fantasies in letters of support to Powell, whose Belgravia home now resembles a sub-post office. The most important of these letters came from two score immigration officers at London airport, praising Powell for speaking out, and citing much cheating and duplicity by immigrants trying to get in by the back door; a move which hardly boosts faith in the straightforwardness of the immigration officers themselves.

The pro-Powell groundswell produced some reaction from the other side. Students marched on Powell's house, chanting a muffled slogan that sounded suspiciously like, "Eee-noch, we want you, DEAD." Would-be imitators of Stokely Carmichael and Rap Brown have come to the fore, issuing a literal call to arms. But the anti-immigrant groups are the ones shouting loudest.

Once the shouting dies down, as surely it must with the rains of the English summer, it will be Ted Heath who is best placed to gain the undying gratitude of "quite ordinary" British people. On the question of immigrant entry, his policy is not noticeably less rigid than Powell's. Without yet naming a figure he has implied that new vouchers might be too many. He would have entry conditional, presumably on good behavior, and confirmed only after a period of good service. He would "help" immigrants to go "home"

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if they wanted to, which is not far removed from Powell's desire to "encourage" them. He would also require all immigrants to say how many dependents they intended to bring, presumably the better to hold off the big breeders. On the question of discrimination, where Powell talks wildly of setting up a "privileged minority," Heath has fallen in with narrow legalism enough to oppose the present Labour bill, which he says will not work and is cast too broad. Heath would exempt small landlords from the open occupancy housing provision, and small home-owners too, and similarly would leave small employers free to employ whom they like. This is the setting in which Powell could claim that his speech was within the confines of Tory policy. In essence it was, and when the flurry of attention Heath is now getting has done its work, it will be seen that Heath is after all "tough." As an added bonus, Heath has squared the party liberal wing by firing Powell for the tone, but only the tone, of the Birmingham speech, and has rid himself of a thorn in the flesh into the bargain.

Which points the finger firmly at the battered Labour government. So far the Labour leadership shows no signs of panic. Government spokesmen are putting out reminders that half the junior hospital doctors are immigrants, a fifth of the nurses, a fifth of the railway employees, about a sixth of busmen. (A one-day strike by all immigrants might sober people up wondrously, and it could come.) Other government reminders – although these are nothing much to boast about – point out that new immigration is now well down from its 1964 level, and that only the qualified now get in. But it would be foolhardy to suppose that Labour intends to get left out on a limb on immigration. They nearly were in 1964, and moved very fast to correct the damage before the 1966 election. Already the Home Secretary, James Callaghan, has made a statesmanlike offer to the Tories to set up an all-party committee to supervise the immigration and race laws, and readiness to water down the new anti-discrimination bill is not far beneath the surface. If only the Tories will let them do it quietly. It would not be cynical to assume that as they canter up to the 1970 or 1971 election, Labour as well as Tory will be looking sternfaced on immigration and discrimination. A milk-and-water bill, a new ceiling on immigration of say a thousand, more bloody-mindedness toward dependents, and an increasingly disconsolate and American-minded immigrant community are all on the cards.

Not that many people will thank Enoch Powell for having made them prove him half right all along. Those who hope to see Enoch surging to the head of the Tories, and then to the head of the nation, are likely to be disappointed. Ironically, "getting" Enoch will be the one thing that may unite the politicians as they go to join him. It would not be the first time that Powell has led the way only to be overshadowed when the rest catch up with him.

Powell's knack of catching from time to time the movement of opinion used to be attributed to his classical training, his sense of logic coupled with uncanny intuition. After his Birmingham speech another element needs to be acknowledged – a flair for demagoguery. His Toryism goes well with Britain's current slough of despond. Powell's dream is a tight little island, with tight-little people, all working the long day to better themselves as he has done, so that they may live small discreet little lives, undisturbed and unworried by anything more distant than their own sense of virtue. It is the Tory version of the dream that sometimes rears its head in Labour ranks, the dream of Britain, the new Sweden. A Swedish Britain might at least embody some social humanity; Powell's free-enterprise Britain would have little truck with that – a point the baying dockers might well note. The response to him is greatest from the buffeted and the put-upon, the stagnant of the middle-class and the downtrodden of the working-class, the 20th-century losers, whose plight is directly traceable to that wayward capitalism Powell upholds. But impressed by the relentless logic of his mind, the fans somehow hope Enoch will talk or think them out of trouble. If only it were so simple.

Up to the Birmingham speech, Powell's quixotic mind was generally held to be an asset to the Tory party. The faithful were flattered to have such a clever person talk to them. Abler Tories, who actually understood what he was saying, were prepared to let him go his individualistic way. The Birmingham speech has changed all that. Senior Tories are suddenly remembering – in public – that they had good academic records too. (There are overtones in all this of an Oxbridge common-room squabble, but that is how England is.) Chief critic is the equally unpredictable, equally bombastic Quintin Hogg, himself once the darling of the party right, and as Shadow Home Secretary the man most directly snubbed by Powell's Birmingham outburst. (Hogg was a Fellow of that holy of holies, All Soul's College, Oxford.) Any attempt to cut Powell down to size runs the risk of splitting the party from top to bottom. If the attempt is based solely on argument over policy, Powell – with his current penchant for demagoguery – might come out on top. That is why the weapons will have to be satire and ridicule.

For this job, Quintin Hogg is the obvious commander, and the signs are he will take to the field with relish. It should be an entertaining battle.

BRIAN WENHAM

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Unfoods: Do You Know What You're Eating?

by David Sanford

The Thomas J. Lipton Company of Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, has discovered an interesting new way to prepare soy beans – it's called beef stroganoff. It is a one-pot, main-dish meal, prepared by adding boiling water to dry ingredients and baking for 15 minutes. It would be stretching a point to suggest – as the company does in its advertising and in the picture of "tender beef" on the box – that the resemblance between the "beef" in this beef stroganoff and fresh meat is strong. A certain, unspecified amount of beef is said to be in the product, but the exciting thing about the new Lipton main dishes (you may also have "turkey" primavera, "chicken" baronet, or "chicken" la scala) is the isolated soy protein which gives the product its meaty bulk.

Soy bean simulates have long been familiar to food faddists and lacto-ovo-vegetarians. Companies such as Loma Linda Foods in California and Worthington Foods in Ohio have catered to those Seventh-Day Adventists who eat no meat, and to other vegetarians, with products such as Veja Links and Veja Burgers – soy beans prepared to look and taste like meat.

Since soy beans are very high in protein, as is beef, they make an excellent if somewhat inferior protein substitute. Vegetarians get along very well, what with all the attention they get from the soy bean people. If a diet of soy milk on cornflakes, ham-style vegetarian TV dinners, soy sausage, soy turkey and soy ham sounds monotonous – as vegetarians I have talked to say it is – you cannot blame Worthington Foods with its 60-odd products. The era of the uncolas and unfoods has brought a plethora of new things to swallow: nondairy creamers, instant mashed potato buds, ersatz orange juices, artificially sweetened soft drinks to reduce our intake of sweets and animal fats, and our enjoyment in eating. At the same time they have enriched the Generals – Foods and Mills – and the food industry generally. A hypothetical meal could be constructed, beginning with a juice substitute and ending with simulated whipped cream, but until recently the ultimate 1968 meal was without a suitable mass-marketed main dish.

Lipton's entry and those of other companies eager to capitalize on the new market instruct us that soy beans can masquerade as practically anything (including fruits and nuts), that they are healthful, and finally that they are dirt cheap. A pound of isolated soy protein costs as little as 30 cents dry. Once it has been hydrated (*i.e.* pumped up with water, oils, flavorings, chemicals) it may increase three times in size. When one contrasts its price with that of beef, say 80 cents, it becomes clear why the food industry is excited about soy.

New processes for faking meat have been developed. If you can make a pound of soy protein into a pound of beef, advertise it as "beef," and sell it for a beefy price you have it made. The United States Department of Agriculture is watching this carefully. It has jurisdiction under the recently amended Federal Meat Inspection Act over contents of meat products sold in interstate commerce. USDA is reluctant to allow meal to masquerade as meat, soy as steak. Corned beef hash, for example, to be called corned beef hash must contain 35 percent cooked beef, no more than 15 percent fats, and a maximum of 72 percent moisture; no soy products, no nonfat dry milk or cereals. Beans and franks must be 20 percent franks; beef pies 25 percent fresh meat; beef stroganoff 45 percent fresh meat, 7 1/2 percent sour cream and 5 percent wine, or without the wine 10 percent sour cream. Mr. R. H. Alsmeyer, who is the head of the standards group of the technical services division of the consumer marketing service of the USDA, insists that USDA "will tell industry if in their formulations they are asking for a higher percentage of a less desirable ingredient than we permit. We permit only approved ingredients to go into a product." Alsmeyer explains that one way a manufacturer can avoid an encounter with the law is to inform the public frankly what it is getting in a product. A meatless hot dog labeled as containing no meat, for instance, does not run counter to USDA specifications for meat content.

This was never a problem for the vegetarian market since what attracts vegetarians is the *absence* of meat, and that is what Loma Linda Foods, for example, pushes. For the omnivores, however, the food processors may be less candid about their canned goods. Calling something "imitation" meat is anathema to them; they prefer more evasive descriptions. Thus Lipton lists the ingredients of its one-dish products in small print on the top of the box but otherwise fails to tell the consumer what he is getting; and not many customers know what isolated soy protein is anyway. General Mills, which recently began to market Bac*Os, a soy simulation of bacon bits for use in salads, soups, etc., labels it as having "a flavor like

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bacon." Some companies market soy products only to institutional customers, restaurants and the like. They must tell their customers that soy beans are in the chili and the meat loaf, but except where local ordinances require, the restaurant under federal law can be mum on its menus about the contents of its food. Swift & Co. markets a soy larded chili, salisbury steaks, canned meat loaf and sloppy joes to restaurants, which call them pretty much what they like.

The transforming of soy protein into edibles involves, in the case of Worthington Foods, General Mills and Ralston Purina a process licensed by Robert Boyer, an inventor and protégé of Henry Ford. Soy protein isolate is dissolved in an alkaline medium to form a viscous "spinning dope," which in turn is forced through platinum spinnerettes containing 15,000 tiny holes. The filaments which result are coagulated in an acid salt bath. The fibers, now called "tow" are more or less colorless and flavorless, and are at this point ready to be engineered into beef, pork, scallops, strawberries or pecans. (Worthington is particularly proud of its scallops which its promotional material says "are almost unbelievable.") All that is required once the processed soy is ready is some corporate imagination, a little artificial color and flavor, and a suggestible market.

Mr. Alsmeyer of USDA is unwilling to discuss specific cases that have attracted the attention of the standards people at Agriculture. He's not sure whether "this is information that can be released." When asked specifically, however, he will discuss the Lipton matter. Lipton's packaging, USDA found, "did tend to be a bit deceptive." USDA objected to the characterization of the product as beef, without any big-print information on the front panel of the box about the true role of soy protein. "After considerable discussion" USDA did approve the inner package in which the beef and isolated soy protein strips and sour cream are contained. The noodles are in a separate packet. But USDA has no influence over the labeling of the outer box, only the immediate package containing meat. FDA, Alsmeyer says, has questioned the outer packaging, but that "may be information which Food and Drug would rather not have in the press."

There's a jurisdictional loophole. A processor is permitted to frankly label the inner contents of a product, but deceptively label the package the consumer sees in the store. USDA has no control over the latter. Also, it seems to be legal for a product to be repackaged deceptively, *after* it has reached the state where it is to be sold.

Alsmeyer says he is confident that the problem with Lipton will be fully resolved and on the whole seems rather well disposed to the soy bean people. "I think we have some very good relations with manufacturer of soy products," he said. "In fact I almost daily get a call from one of the suppliers. We have very good rapport and have sat down trying to iron out our differences on labeling. If now and then they feel we're a little unfair we will review our position. . . ."

The director of Product Development at Lipton, Ray Franceschini, explained to me how the Lipton product meets USDA standards of composition. When Agriculture says that a beef stroganoff must contain at least 45 percent meat, what is meant is that the immediate package in which the meat component is contained must be 45 percent meat. In the Lipton stroganoff there are four containers – the box the housewife sees in the store and three inner packets, one containing noodles, one containing a bread crumb garnish, and one containing the beef, soy protein and sour cream. The law is interpreted in such a way that only the immediate container is relevant. The 45 percent figure is thus a percentage of the sauce mix, not the entire dish. Moreover, the standard "refers to the sauce component on an as-served basis, not on a dry basis. When the Department of Agriculture refers to a certain minimum meat content in a completed product they are historically and traditionally referring to the product as served or as used by the consumer which would be in its rehydrated state." Since soy protein rehydrates at roughly three-to-one, even more than 45 percent of the product may appear to be meat, to satisfy USDA. Lipton intentionally omits from the package, as it may legally, any mention of how much meat is actually in its product. Mr. Franceschini *doesn't know* the proportion of meat in his products.

Under the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act, a food is considered misbranded if it is an imitation of another, unless its label bears in type of uniform size and prominence, the word "imitation." (Occasionally a product in imitation of another is accepted under a new name, as margarine was.) The Lipton box does not say that the meat is an imitation or that it is not all meat. This is an advertising half-truth, and while FDA reluctantly approved the packaging it nevertheless prevailed upon Lipton to redesign its package, mentioning soy protein each time the word beef appears on the package and deleting the picture of what looks like a big raw roast on the side panel. When asked whether the picture of meat is to come off the box, Mr. Franceschini said, "Not that I know of." But later rephrased this to "well perhaps it is, to be very frank I'm not sure. . . ." He said that on FDA recommendation there would be a more prominent mention of the important role of soy protein.

Soy beans are the second largest agricultural crop in the US (250 to 300 million pounds of soy flour will be used in food products this year). They are cheap

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and they hold some promise of answering the nutritional needs of the world. But, Mr. Franceschini says none of these is uppermost in the collective Lipton mind. Lipton, he says, uses soy protein merely to make it possible to freeze dry meat, which dried in any other fashion would be highly perishable and have an unpleasant texture. By combining dry pulverized meat in a dough with soy isolates, extruding the matter in a kind of macaroni fashion and chopping it off, Lipton has found a feasible way to prepare a dry meat. The result of this process is a simple-to-prepare, rather economical (79 cents at one store in Washington, D.C.), two-serving meal.

Bac*Os, the bacon-like bits test marketed over the past 18 months in Denver, Buffalo and Sacramento, is about to be advertised nationally. Two years ago a token quantity of Bac*Os was seized by the Food and Drug Administration in Buffalo and a case was brought in the US Federal District Court (Western Region) in New York to force General Mills to identify their product as "imitation bacon." Lipton's Mr. Franceschini admits for General Mills that its package copy may have been a "little too loose." At the time of the seizure the Bac*Os bottles stated that they contained an amount equivalent to a pound of bacon fried and crumbled. It didn't say that Bac*Os were bacon, just that they were a lot *like* bacon. The case has still not been heard, although General Mills thought it discreet to change its label anyway. It now reads "Crispy Bontrae bits with a flavor like bacon." Bontrae, the label explains, is a registered trademark for a vegetable protein product. Arthur Odell, who manages General Mills' isolated protein program, thinks that that is sufficient, that if margarine need not be called imitation butter (there is now even an imitation margarine) then Bac*Os should not have to go as imitation bacon. General Mills, therefore, has petitioned FDA to develop a standard of identity for soy isolates that would allow the industry "to get around calling it imitation." It could then, for example, be called Bontrae (as in Bontrae stroganoff, and Bontrae bits) or under some other suitable coinage. Such a standard of identity would "be a consumer protection device." Bontrae would become a new entity, a new contribution to the quality of life, and in five years perhaps a $100 million market in the United States.

Columbia's Real Estate Ventures

by James Ridgeway

The plans to build an apartheid gymnasium set off the siege at Columbia University, but this scheme is a minor facet of the enormous realty consortia the university is forming with private industry. The story involves a tangled set of relationships within the self-perpetuating board of trustees.

Columbia dominates 15 other New York educational and medical institutions which cling together along the upper west side of Manhattan on Morningside Heights. This is an area roughly three-quarters of a square mile in size, holding perhaps 60,000 people. It extends from 110th to 125th Streets and reaches from the Hudson River eastward up to Morningside Heights, where there is a commanding view of the Harlem slums. In addition to Columbia, several other well-known institutions of higher learning are located on the Heights, including Teachers College, Jewish Theological Seminary, Barnard and the Union Theological Seminary.

Since World War II, Columbia and the others have slowly constructed a redoubt on the Heights, methodically pushing out 7,500 residents, most of them poorly off, who lived in the rent-controlled apartments or rooming houses which the universities bought. Many of them were black or Puerto Ricans.

Even now, after having promised the city that its expansion plans had reached their limits, Columbia and the others push on secretly with the land grab, driving north into Harlem, east into the rundown slums around Central Park, and south to 96th Street. The trustees are speculating in land across the Hudson River in Rockland County, New York, some 30 miles outside the city. Over the next decade the institutions of higher learning on Morningside Heights anticipate relocating 11,000 more people. All in all, Columbia is among the great real estate development corporations of the day. The details of these various operations are obscured because Columbia, like most other private universities, is governed by a board of trustees whose decisions are not open to public scrutiny or review. William Bloor, the treasurer, refuses to disclose the university's real estate or mortgage

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holdings, although it is known that they account for at least half the university's endowment fund.

So that the educational establishments would not foul each other up fighting for the same piece of land, they formed a united front in 1947 by creating Morningside Heights Inc. – David Rockefeller's idea, it coordinates plans of the members, but is dominated by Columbia, which enters into deliberations or not as the occasion warrants. Morningside Heights Inc. also serves as publicity agent and runs several community programs meant to ingratiate the universities with the people of the neighborhood. Through Remedco Inc., a real estate subsidiary, it stands ready to form joint real estate syndicates for the different institutions, purchase land, and act as banker for schools that don't have the money on hand to buy the necessary land. Thus, when the Jewish Theological Seminary purchased property at the end of one block, and Columbia bought some at the other end, Morningside Heights Inc. got Columbia to exchange its holdings for more land in another spot. Among its lesser contributions to community harmony is a Rotary Club started to bring together Harlem businessmen and members of the university community, especially professors who are interested in studying various aspects of black life. To help protect residents of the Heights, $100,000, or more than one-third of Morningside Heights' budget, is spent to employ a private guard and detective company. Morningside Heights Inc. cooperates with the city police in staking out institution-owned buildings suspected of being narcotics drops. This does not always work as anticipated. One of the private guards arrested two suspicious looking fellows he thought were pushers, but who turned out to be undercover police agents. I met a detective who was undercover at the Jewish Theological Seminary pretending to be the switchboard operator, in hopes of catching employees lying down on the job.

So as not to discomfit the people it wants out of the buildings it buys, Columbia maintains a relocation office run by Ronald Golden. Golden says he relocates perhaps 200 people a year, many of them poor, elderly and white who have been able to hang on in the Heights because they live in rent-controlled apartments. Golden relates with bitterness the tale of an Irish bus driver, who with his wife lived alone in a four-room apartment at $30 a month. The man might have needed this large apartment with children growing up, Golden says, but now he had no real use for it. Still, he was hanging on; meanwhile, saving enough money to go to Ireland every summer. Golden thinks he could find this man, and those like him, similar apartments at $10 to $20 a month more on the edges of Harlem or further uptown around Puerto Rican neighborhoods. But people don't care to go back near the ghettos, and so Golden has to track all over the city, out to Queens, up in the Bronx looking for substitute residences. Fortunately, Golden says, his job is made easier since Columbia will pay a building manager a finder's fee of several hundred dollars to skip over his list of waiting applicants, to sneak in Columbia's candidate.

Golden has little use for the landlords either. He is especially disgusted by one group who, on getting out of a German concentration camp, came to the US and set themselves up in the real estate business. They bought a single-room occupancy dwelling in the Columbia neighborhood for $250,000, and took the city for a ride. The mental hospitals were congested, and in an effort to ease this problem, New York undertook a pilot project, whereby mental patients who looked as if they could make a go of it on the outside would be boarded out for "home care." Since most of the patients were on welfare, and rent therefore was assured, the landlords of the rooming house put in for home care. But there wasn't any home care. For protection the manager stationed himself within a wire mesh cage at the bottom of the building. Patients were let loose on the upper floors, mixing after a time with the pushers, pimps, lesbians, whores, and hit men in the neighborhood. Golden remembers that by the grace of God the inmates of this wretched dwelling were delivered from their new masters when Columbia bought the building in 1965 for $450,000. When Golden went along to see the new acquisition for himself, he remembers the manager was reluctant to go off the first floor for fear he would be stomped; so were the police. This didn't bother Golden. He applied the tried and true Columbia method for cleaning out the premises and offered the inmates $100 each if they would leave. Never having seen that much money before, they jumped at the chance, whereupon their bags were thrown out on the street behind them.

There have been complaints in the neighborhood that one way Columbia gets the residents out is to plug up their doors so they can't get back inside. Columbia says this is a lie; it has only been done once or twice. In describing how Columbia got three families out of a building which Columbia wanted to tear down to make way for a School of International Affairs, the *Spectator*, the student newspaper, said Golden "denied that Columbia had harassed the families in order to make them depart. Two weeks ago, however, the building's heating plant was demolished." As William Bloor, the university treasurer, described the policy, "when a tenant isn't behaving himself, we will move him out."

A year ago the Ford Foundation provided the uni-

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versity with a $10 million grant so that it might work on the problems of the nearby slums. This only further angered residents of Morningside Heights and Harlem, because Columbia refused to include them on planning for the projects. At this writing, the Ford projects are generally regarded as a fiasco, having resulted in little more than quarrels among the professors over who will get what bits of cash.

Unintentionally the Ford projects provided a sort of publicity screen behind which Columbia continued its land grab. In 1965, Morningside Heights Inc. presented the city with a map indicating that institutional expansion would halt on the south around 114th Street and Broadway. Two years later they had moved down to 110th Street, and announced at that point that expansion could be contained in a stretch running from 110th to 125th Streets, from Riverside Drive along the Hudson River, east to the edge of Harlem on Morningside Drive. After an official at Morningside Heights Inc. described these boundaries to me, he then blandly declared, "We cannot solve our problems within these restricted boundaries." He went on to say that the institutions of higher learning needed a place to relocate the residents of the buildings they took over. And indeed, he speculated that the newly awakened interest in studying Harlem, stimulated by the Ford Foundation, might require more buildings to house more professors who would be studying these urgent matters.

Columbia, as I noted, does not make public its real estate holdings. However, my inquiry earlier this year showed the university was quietly driving beyond its stated boundaries to the south. It was picking up property on the south side of West 110th Street and taking up mortgages on West 101st Street. Morningside Heights Inc. was dickering for the purchase of the Paris Hotel on West 96th Street. The same official at Morningside Heights talked enthusiastically about the possibilities of redoing Douglas Circle to the east, an entryway to Central Park.

Columbia has influenced the real estate market in another way. It has attached riders to leases of people living in apartment buildings it owns, requiring that should they quit being students or leave the employ of the university, they must give up the apartment, thus taking more apartments off the rental market.

In one single-room occupancy dwelling on West 114th Street, inhabited by welfare clients and owned by the university, the rent was increased 25 percent in December 1967, with a promise of another increase for January. Charles F. Darlington, director of housing for Columbia, explained to the *Spectator* that the university raised rents "to encourage the few people who are still there to leave." Public pressure finally forced a postponement of the January increase. This rooming house was to be ripped down to make way for a new home for the School of Social Work.

Meanwhile, the university concluded its deal with the city for lease of the southern section of Morningside Park, which lies as a sort of *cordon sanitaire* between itself and Harlem. Columbia leased this land on which it planned to construct a gymnasium, complete with duplicate facilities, one set with a door opening on the Heights for the university students, the other with a back door opening on the park into Harlem for the community. This deal is now up in the air because of the student-faculty rebellion.

In carrying forward its real estate program, Columbia enjoys a cordial relationship with Percy Uris, chairman of the board of Uris Buildings Corp., a large realty company. In the office of the president of Columbia University, Uris is listed as "special adviser to the president for new construction." He is also a Columbia trustee and chairman of the finance committee which oversees the university's investments (including 33,422 shares of Uris Buildings common stock). Uris Buildings Corp. leases from Columbia a valuable piece of land at the foot of Wall Street. A trustee told me how this was brought off. It suggests how careful Columbia is in avoiding the faintest suspicion of conflict of interest. When it came time for the trustees to vote on the deal, Uris left the room. Adrian Massie, another Columbia trustee, who also sits on the board of Uris Buildings did not vote. Neither did Benjamin Buttenwieser, a Columbia trustee and financial consultant to Uris Buildings Corp. My informant said they actually managed to get a quorum of 13 trustees who had nothing whatever to do with Uris to approve the deal.

One of Uris Buildings' main projects is at Blue Hill at Orangetown in Rockland County, 30 miles outside of New York on the west side of the Hudson River. Here Uris plans to build a complex of office and research buildings quickly reached from New York City and not far from where Columbia maintains laboratories. It is also within a few minutes' drive from where the university last winter took an option to buy 545 acres, on which about 1,000 homes for the faculty may be built.

Another director of Uris Buildings Corp. is Courtney Brown, dean of Columbia's Business School. Together with his wife, Brown holds 1,566 shares in Uris common stock. Brown's office is in the modern, aluminum-trimmed Uris Building. A former economist with Standard Oil of New Jersey, Brown is a director and on the executive committee of Associated Dry Goods Corp., American Electric Power Co., and Union Pacific Railroad, where sits another Columbia trustee (emeritus) Walter D. Fletcher. Recently

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Brown was added to the board of directors of CBS, whose chairman, William Paley, is another Columbia trustee. As of this spring, Brown held $168,000 in stock in these companies alone.

Brown handled the negotiations for Columbia in working up the so-called Piers area development plan, a grandiose scheme concocted by Columbia as a way to house faculty and to relocate people it wants to get out of the Heights. The Piers area is a run-down strip of factories and warehouses between 125th and 135th Streets, from Broadway to the river. It is relatively inexpensive land by New York standards, and for this reason is a political football. Joe Overton, executive secretary of the Negro Labor Committee, has long laid claim to the Piers waterfront over which he wanted to construct garden apartments. But the mud is deep and by one estimate it would be costly to put up the pilings on which the structure would sit.

By late 1967, Columbia jumped the 125th Street boundary and began buying land in the Piers area. It purchased or held mortgages on properties running from 125th to 130th Street. A trustee told me it was the university's intention to buy as much of the area as it could lay its hands on. Brown was sent along to work an arrangement with Joe Overton. At this stage of the game, it would have been crude to go into Harlem without some kind of black front. Moreover, to clinch the deal the university needed some city-owned repair shops in the area, and it required state aid to construct the building. So Brown arranged a compromise with Overton. While the plans shift back and forth, the basic idea is to construct a housing project atop a platform erected over the area. Underneath the platform there would be factories, garages, a supermarket and so on, which would hopefully employ people from Harlem. However, the plans for the industrial area suggest it will be dominated by science-based businesses which require a high level of skills. On top of the platform Overton could build apartments overlooking the water and with easy access to a park and a marina. Overton would handle the financing of the apartments, one-third of which would be held for Columbia faculty. The others would be for people in Harlem, as well as those displaced by institutional expansion in Morningside Heights. Columbia would finance the construction of the industrial area, presumably through a pool of insurance companies. The $200 million is mentioned.

Who would build this project?

"I have the agreement of the best builder in town to build it without profit," Brown told an inquirer.

"Who would that be?"

"Percy Uris," replied Brown.

What is questionable about this project is not that Percy Uris has formed a sort of consortium with Columbia to construct something which the university feels will be beneficial to the residents of the area as well as to its own interests. It is that a major renewal project affecting thousands of people in New York City is being undertaken by a small group of university trustees operating behind closed doors.

Twice now within a year Columbia has provided examples of how a private university's decisions affect the general public. In its promotion of the Strickman cigarette filter, Columbia advertised the invention as "revolutionary," when in fact, as this journal revealed, the university knew all along that it was not revolutionary, indeed little better than similar products on the market. Columbia touted the filter in hopes it could make money from the public's fear of getting cancer. Now the university is involved in a widening real estate venture which will affect the lives of people who have nothing to say about making the decision.

There are some conservative steps that could be taken to improve the situation. For one thing, in order for any university to be eligible for public funding, it should be required to publish a detailed financial report quarterly, including its investment portfolio. Universities should likewise be persuaded to accept the principle that meetings of trustees be public, as should those of any other groups (*i.e.* the faculty) whose activities bear on the direction of the university. A public record of such meetings should be kept. In instances where debate concerns especially delicate matters, the trustees can go into executive session, but the transcript should receive timely publication.

Private universities are "private" in name only. Much of their money comes from public sources. In the case of Columbia, nearly half the annual budget comes from public funds. Fuller disclosure is one way to protect the public's interest. Like many other private institutions of higher learning, Columbia is governed by a board of trustees, accountable to no one but themselves. They are 23 in number, and only six of them are elected by the alumni to serve set terms. The rest serve life terms.

These men ought to reflect the interests of the changing university community, as well as the larger community in which the institution is embedded. The whole body might well be elected for certain set terms by faculty, administrators, students and alumni.

Columbia ought to be recognized for what it is, a development corporation which exercises the prerogatives of a government in Morningside Heights. The residents of that area should have a voice in planning the future of that neighborhood.

This article is adapted from a book on university politics by JAMES RIDGEWAY, *which Random House will publish in July.*

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Czechoslovakia's New Course

by Ross Terrill

Prague

The spring sun lights up the cobbles of Narodni Avenue. Two bottles under his arm, an aging man walks wearily, close to the curb. "Huh, it's Hendrych," calls a passerby, whose voice is a mixture of scorn and triumph. Jiri Hendrych, so recently one of Czechoslovakia's top men, chief guardian of its intellectuals, has lost his sting. Last week he confessed his "grave shortcomings" before the Central Committee of the Party (CC). The "passerby" is a sociologist who was banished in 1961 for "Titoist leanings." For years he drove a truck. Now he is back at scholarly work, back at politics.

Prague is electric with events, encounters, dialogues. They are often parables of the New Course which – such is the general view – has brought to an end the 20-year period that began with the coup of 1948, and that concluded with the fall of Novotny from the Party First Secretaryship on January 5, and from the Presidency ten weeks later.

A policeman wanders into a wine tavern in the Old Town. "Look at his number," says one of the drinkers gleefully, pointing to a metal badge on the policeman's jacket. A murmur of satisfaction rises around the panelled cellar. Not embarrassed, not angry, the policeman grins broadly. Since the start of April, a citizen may complain about a particular policeman, by reference to his number.

A year ago at the Foreign Ministry, I had asked questions about the two Masaryks and Eduard Benes. It was conceded that the official version of their roles in Czech history has been "oversimplified." But the main themes were that they failed to understand the historical significance of the Russian Revolution, and that their pro-Western foreign policies led to the cruel disaster of Munich. In the same Czernin Palace this spring, I did not have to ask. Mounting the staircase, the official volunteered brightly: "You see that window? It is the one from which Jan Masaryk met his death." I could find no response. "NBC was here this morning filming it," he added, smiling.

Night by night, real debate radiates from the television screen (one in two families has TV). Last night party and non-party personalities talked of the Action Program (AP). "You Communist Party people know you cannot screw the screw as tight as before," said one of the latter, "since the thread is broken. But our point is that there should be no screw at all."

The editor of a leading magazine points out the censors' room. The censors sit with their feet on the table, reading comics. "They have nothing to do." In *Rude Pravo* (the party daily), I read: "The faculty and students of Brno University have demanded that their university be known again by its former name Brno Masaryk University." In *Svobodne Slovo*, an article by a driver connected with the events of the night of Jan Masaryk's death is entitled "I was Silent for Twenty Years." In all the papers: "The writers of Brno have expressed their lack of confidence in the Minister of Culture and Information, Mr. Hoffman, in an open letter. . . ." (Hoffman has been replaced.)

Six months ago, at Strahov, aggrieved students battled police. One student will be an invalid for life as a result. The police methods were described as "comparable only with the Nazis." The Interior Ministry changed hands. This week a policeman was injured in the course of a street incident. A group of students – though not involved in the incident – sent a "note of sympathy" to the Minister for the Interior.

A group of intellectuals receives a letter from Poland. After painting a somber picture of the Warsaw intellectual scene it ends "Don't write." From another brother-socialist country, a message to some Prague progressives: "For God's sake be careful. Don't mess this one up. This is the last chance for democratic socialism for all of us."

A funny thing has happened on the way to communism. Words have suddenly recovered their meaning. Marxism may have exalted "democracy." But it was democracy as a *goal:* to be reached by eliminat-

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ing all hostile class elements. This spring the party is starting to talk of democracy as a *method*. People are being treated not as abstract class entities, but as human beings with interests and ideas. Above all, "socialism" is no longer a dirty word. It is uttered seriously, sometimes even naïvely. It is now used – in the offices as well as the cafes of Prague – in the sense not of a fortress to be defended, but of a vessel to be filled with whatever courage and intelligence the two nations of Czechoslovakia can summon up.

Light is being shed on the mystery of what follows the dictatorship of the proletariat. Ever since Marx and Engels, the rhetoric of the French Revolution has been incorporated, by sleight of hand, into the theory of communism. Now there is an attempt, by a ruling party, to examine frankly just what relation the ideas of 1917 and 1789 have to each other. If Czechoslovakia continues along its present path, the problem of liberty, long an albatross around the neck of Western socialists, may become less of a barrier to the success of certain socialist parties – and communist parties like the Italian – in the West. That is certainly the view of Rudi Dutschke, with whom I spoke in Prague just before he was shot.

The classic contours of an "iron economy" are being rudely mauled in Czechoslovakia to bring people matches that strike, clothes that are better designed. The myth of class is being dissolved – to allow people to speak and act as farmers, nurses, mothers, even Maoists or liberals, instead of ghosts in an historical pageant from the mid-nineteenth century. Solid as the dumplings they constantly eat, Czechoslovakians, spurred by their intellectuals, are poking consumers' fingers through the plastic of Novotny's image of their country. Just as democracy humanized capitalism, democracy is humanizing communism in Czechoslovakia. The Czech progressives are in process of qualifying Lenin's communism as much as Mill and Beveridge qualified Adam Smith's capitalism.

What are the Czech traditions Dubcek and the new party presidium appeal to? First, the democratic tradition which is as "hereditary and inborn," Karel Capek wrote, "as the democracy of the American nation." The ideas of the Bohemian Reformation and Hussitism were important in the rise of modern Europe and the democratic thought of the eighteenth century. The Czech Republic born in 1918 was the quintessence of the democratic idea for which, it was then thought, the war had made the world safe. Benes, in his presidential Christmas message of 1936, voiced a claim which, fulsome though it is, is still embraced in Prague. "Czech democracy stands in the center of Europe like a lighthouse."

The Czech Communist Party, unlike the Polish or Hungarian parties, knows what a parliament is. It once won a free election, in 1946. It has been in a coalition. It has memory of democracy in its bones. When Svoboda was elected President, *Rude Pravo* wrote: "It is a restoration of the original portrait of a democratically understood presidency, as the people saw it in the great historical personalities of Masaryk, Benes, Gottwald, and Zapotocky."

Second, Czechoslovakia was a basically industrialized country, with a standard of living comparable to most of Europe, before the war.

Why does the post-Novotny leadership reiterate this point? To underline the error of the attempt in the 1950's to "make a little Soviet Union" of Czechoslovakia. "When Czechs began to travel to the USSR in 1951," observed an official, "they were shocked at the backwardness of Russia. Was this socialism, they asked? But they never asked it out loud."

The men who today meet as the Central Committee in the Spanish Hall of the Prague Castle also wish to underline the urgent economic need for the country to become fully part of the international division of labor – not just the division of labor within COMECON. The term "Eurasian" is thrown around. Said a leading editor: "Remember that Stalin was not a European." How could communism, in its Eurasian form, ever have been expected to sit smoothly on a country which lies like a brooch at the very bosom of Europe?

While Poland and Hungary endured semi-feudalism under Pilsudski and Horthy, social democracy was already perhaps the leading political idea in Czechoslovakia. No traces of nobility ripple the even tenor of the Czech way. It has long been a place where you may put your feet on the table, where you should ride in the front seat of a cab, where you do not kiss hands. The new leadership invokes this egalitarian tradition to make its point that Novotny's class dictatorship was unnecessary.

The thoughts that have bubbled to the surface are by no means expressed in Prague for the first time. Joseph Goldmann, a leading economist, reminded me that he has propounded the ideas that now count as orthodoxy for years. It was in 1964, for example, that he published an article arguing that the Czech economy was, like a capitalist economy, susceptible to a kind of "boom and bust" cycle.

Last June, at their tumultuous Congress, the writers lambasted the Novotny regime as a bureaucratic authoritarianism which mocked socialist values. This week Cestmir Cisar, now Secretary of the Central Committee, declared: "The writers last June anticipated views which today all progressivists accept."

Czech students today hardly remember that the USSR national anthem used to be played at midnight on Czech radio; that cinema tickets were once distrib-

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uted by the trade unions; that Kafka was until 1963 a non-writer; that the head of the Czech Communist Party, Slansky, was shot in 1952 largely because one foreign communist, Rakosi, convinced another foreign communist, Stalin, that he was an enemy.

The new elite sees the world as less a battleground than an arena for pragmatic experimentation. This applies variously to various members of the new presidium. Kolder, Rigo, Bilak, and Svestka are basically conservatives; old wine poured into the new bottle. But Spacek, Smrkovsky, Kriegal, and, to a much lesser extent, Dubcek, Cernik, Piller and Barbirik have their hearts as well as heads set upon change.

The party has announced that the scope of its "administrative" control over the country has sharply narrowed. In the jargon of political science, "totalitarianism" is giving way to "authoritarianism." The party remains in control as the "leading force." But it has begun to withdraw its tentacles from the totality of Czechoslovakian social life.

The People's Party and the Socialist Party – the second and third parties in the National Front – are stirring. More new members have applied to join each of them since January than the total membership before January. "Formerly," the new Secretary General of the People's Party told me, "the two smaller parties in the National Front simply took part in realizing the aims set by the Communist Party. In the future, they are going to share in hammering out the aims." The churches are coming out of their caves. "There is now freedom for the word of God," said the top Catholic, Bishop Tomasek. "The churches are returning to public life," said a professor at the Protestant Comenius Faculty of Theology. A student Christian movement, long forbidden, has regrouped. Non-party political circles have sprung up like mushrooms. The Boy Scouts have reappeared. The trade unions are trying (so far only trying) to raise an independent voice again. In the past, Smrkovsky said on April 3, the unions "had changed into a state institution which took the side of economic management."

In brief, the atmosphere permits regular breathing and a normal pulse rate. "Time was," remarked one writer, "when we got all important news from the foreign press. Now there is more worth reading in our press than we have time to read. Foreign papers are more readily available than before, but they are unbought – people hardly need them."

Knots of lunch time groups talk with open papers before them. Transistors are clapped to the ear in trams and offices, for the latest radio news. Seven p.m. is a sacred hour with corporate meaning: the hour of news and debate on TV. Commentators pass the rapier of criticism through the ribs of the old dispensation. Newscasters quite candidly report on the latest dismissals, new appointments, various protests.

No doubt there is a certain naïveté, to the Westerner, about the rejoicing in Prague over the recovery of free speech. They gain only what they might never have lost. But the satisfaction is real. Czech Radio has just conducted a poll, in which 60 percent said there is now "enough freedom"; 15 percent said "too little"; and 15 percent said "too much!"

A subtle shift in usage has taken place from "people" to "public." In East Europe "people" has often been an abstraction: "enemy of the people," "people's courts." It has the sniff of dictatorship about it. You give the "people" what they need. You grant the "public" what they want. The public has emerged; the people have gone. Opinion emerges, dogma ebbs.

Signs appear of a new conception of politics as a vocation. Central Committee member Vodslon said at the last plenum that it was "questionable to have a political college for people 18-20 years old" (a standard prop in a Stalinist scenario). Politicians "do not grow in classrooms," he said, "but from the life and work of the people and the party." Then he threw a grenade into the packed trenches of bureaucratic orthodoxy: "All young people should have their own calling or profession before embarking on political careers, to which they could return on leaving the political scene." Exit the *apparatchiki*. Enter the circulation of elites.

There has been a renewed effort in economic matters to create responsibility through competition. No factor has been more important in bringing about the New Course (unless it is Slovakian nationalism) than the pressure for political changes that would facilitate economic reform.

True, industrial production is almost four times the prewar level. Productivity in the countryside – superior to that of non-collectivized Poland – is sufficient to give real earnings to the peasants which are almost as high as those of industrial workers.

Furthermore, the COMECON links have had some advantages for Czechoslovakia. They helped her over the Western embargo in the early part of the cold war. Earnings from trade with the USSR are not low, if one takes into account that the prices the USSR pays for Czech products are higher than Czechoslovakia could get elsewhere. "The difference between bloc prices and world prices," says Goldmann, "works in our favor." Last year the Russians bought twenty million pairs of Czech shoes. The men in Prague are realists enough to know those shoes could not have been sold in the West.

Yet there has been a big gap between capacity and performance. Resources have been used irrationally. The people aspire to much more than they get. Above

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all, the economy has been a producers' economy. As the head of the Foreign Trading Bank put it to me: "Under the old system, the Czech producer never dreamt what headaches Western producers have."

Czechoslovakia suffered more than the rest of the bloc from the dominance of the "iron conception of the economy" in the 1950's, because her level of development required subtler planning and allocation and more diversified trading patterns. She now produces many things – *e.g.* electronic products, chemical materials – which she would do better to obtain from West Germany. Other products such as plastics – utilizing the one raw material Czechoslovakia has, coal – she has not been able to concentrate upon.

Further, she suffers from the non-comparability of her domestic and foreign prices, and thus lacks a spur to and yardstick of quality. The reform economists, who at last have the levers of power within their grasp, want a large foreign loan, in order to acquire the best equipment for the factories, and a speedy achievement of convertibility of the Czech crown, to increase competitiveness, and widen the range of buying choice on world markets.

They want to see far more companies operating directly with foreign firms. They want to deemphasize political criteria, reemphasize expertise in the appointment of managers – having them appointed in fact not by the state but by an independent board of directors. They want to increase foreign trade turnover nearly three times. They want a much sharper differentiation in wages. They realize that inefficient firms will suffer from these reforms. A high official in the Ministry of Foreign Trade avowed that "a little unemployment would be a good thing."

Ever since January 1967, when the process of economic reform officially began, the leaders of the party dragged their feet. They refused to free prices, they interfered too much in foreign trade deals. Now, by contrast, the judgment of the best economists is that the necessary battle at the top political levels has been won. Comes the economic battle: to institutionalize ways of dealing with the increasing demands of the workers, to renew economic life through new methods and personnel at the middle and lower levels.

Just this week Avis, the rent-a-car company, concluded an agreement here with Pragocar. It could not have happened before January, the Ministry of Foreign Trade told me. It would have bogged down in the stickiness of political bureaucracy, especially the arrangements to have rented cars cross the West German frontier.

The failure of Benes, after the war, to give substance to his cry "East *and* West" was an inevitable product of the Russian-American breach. The atmosphere of 1946 is recalled by this passage from Secretary of State James Byrnes' *Speaking Frankly:* "I noticed [Vyshinsky's speech criticizing US aid] was heartily applauded by two of the Czech delegates seated two rows in front of our delegation. I had just been told that the Czechs had been allotted a credit of $50-million. . . . I called the State Department to stop the extension of credit to Czechoslovakia."

People of mature years in Prague think that what Benes could not do in 1947 is, in a new sense, possible today. The vital condition – European détente – is now near to being met. The center of the world tension is no longer Europe. Moscow is deeply anxious about China. The US too is preoccupied in Asia.

There is emotional release for Czechoslovakia in this situation. Yet it does not appear that basic changes in foreign policy will quickly accrue. Benes had, after all, accepted that the basic fact of life for Czechoslovakia was that she "lived between Germany and Russia." He had concluded the Soviet alliance in 1943. What Benes did not question then, there are few in Prague – outside a student minority – to question now. Czechoslovakia's hopes still hinge on a general European peace, rather than on bolting from the socialist bloc. The conditions of 1948, when Yugoslavia did so, no longer apply.

Without questioning the Soviet alliance, the new Czechoslovakian government, which has this time an able and enlightened Foreign Minister (Jiri Hajek) has set out fresh emphases. Soon after the election of Dubcek as First Secretary, a new statement on the international communist movement appeared, from Karel Doudera of *Rude Pravo*. He stated that the Czech Communist Party's main contribution to "international solidarity" is precisely its own internal progress – in current terms, its democratic reforms. Hitherto, lesser states like Czechoslovakia have had to interpret "solidarity" as support for Moscow's international line. Doudera also does not condemn the nationalism of "certain parties" – that is the Rumanian Party.

The second shift is toward Bonn. One year ago Prague was telling Western diplomats: "You will be able to meet your colleagues from West Germany in Prague when in your capital we can meet our colleagues from East Germany." But Prague is no longer so solicitous of the interests of East Germany. Last year Czechoslovakia stressed that the imminent exchange of trade missions with West Germany would not itself stimulate the evolution of political ties. But Cernik, now Prime Minister, stated after the arrival in Prague of the Bonn representative that the exchange of trade missions represents "an important step toward the normalization of relations."

Czechoslovakia needs trade and technical communication with West Germany. It is the only country

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which has borders with both German states. Its interests in the German question therefore cannot be identical – whatever the Dresden communiqué may imply – with those of all other socialist countries.

Small gestures occur every week or two. Barbed-wire barricades have been partially removed from sections of the Czech-West German frontier. Dr. Snejdarek, director of the Institute for International Politics and Economics, and a major spokesman on German questions, made this extraordinary statement in an interview with the trade union paper *Prace:* "It would be dangerous for Czechoslovakia not only if West Germany should absorb East Germany, but also vice versa, since the latter would call forth a terrible crisis in Europe."

The new Czech leaders wish to make moves in concert with other "small powers" of Europe, such as Belgium, the Netherlands, and the Scandinavian countries. They will, it will soon become clear, be less eager to aid revolutionary forces and regimes in the Third World. The feeling is strong that the burden has been more than the Czech economy can bear. The fruits, notably in the Cuban case, have been disappointing. Weapons gifts have all too often found their way to undesirable uses (*e.g.* Indonesia).

One should not overestimate the direct theoretical import of the Prague changes. No Milovan Djilas has appeared. I doubt that a "chain reaction" will ensue in East Europe. Such did not follow from the Yugoslav new course. Each nation in the bloc differs deeply in social, cultural, economic and historical respects from almost all the others ("monolithic" has a peculiar irony when one is writing from East Europe).

Democratization, if it comes soon in the bulk of East Europe, will come by internal pressure and effort, as it is coming in Czechoslovakia. External inspiration or pressure, such as existed in 1956, seems a less profound motor force, less capable of producing enduring fruits. Indeed it has a tendency to produce reactions. The positive aspects of the New Course are real. It will become clear that they formed an attempt at a basic revision of communist theory and practice. Yet the process, by its very nature, is open-ended and uncertain. Weaknesses and problems exist which, though not likely to bring a backlash from the deposed forces, must be overcome if "socialist democracy" is to be institutionalized.

One concerns Slovakia. Three elements combined in the political struggle against Novotny: Czech progressives; Slovakians, among whom some are progressives; conservatives who had sustained grievances against Novotny. The pressure from certain groups within the public for democratization in Bohemia has become increasingly stressed, in Slovakia much less so. Czechs and Slovaks are surprisingly unfamiliar with each other's nations – one looked so long to Vienna, the other to Budapest. By temperament Czechs lean to sobriety, Slovaks to impulsiveness. Tensions are certain to arise as reform progresses from issuing documents to allocating priorities.

Without doubt many of the most influential intellectuals, regarding Dubcek as too "conservative," are preparing again, as one put it, to "resume the function of smelling a rat" (he was quoting Mary McCarthy). Already some are returning to the trenches. During the winter the role of intellectuals, including students, was vital. But during the spring the party reasserted itself. The intellectuals were in a sense overtaken. New pastures await the intellectuals, and the party may react when they enter them.

In the presidium itself struggles are taking place. Dubcek stands near the center. The most progressive wing wants an extraordinary Congress soon, rather than waiting, as Dubcek plans to, until next year for the regular 14th Congress. The progressives fear the dead weight of the present Central Committee. It is less progressive than its presidium, having been elected, after all, by the 13th Congress in 1966.

Acute problems will pose themselves in the working of the political system. So far there has really only been "liberalization," not "democratization." Can a blend of authoritarianism with social pluralism endure for long, without developing further into a form of democracy? Or without lapsing back, as some in Prague say Poland has done?

The elections may tell. The Socialist Party and the People's Party are not very likely to be a real challenge. "The impetus for democratization came from the Communist Party," the head of the People's Party confessed to me. "Otherwise, it could not have happened." If not quite "dead souls," as Milan Hubl described the smaller parties, they nevertheless need a transformation of membership before they could win a big slice of the vote. They still seem amazingly polite to the Communist Party. Some intellectuals talk of a new "Democratic Party," others of a split in the Communist Party resulting in two Marxist parties, with one perhaps emphasizing "industrial interests," and the other "consumer interests."

It will be on the "leading role of the party" that the issue of real democracy will turn. Dubcek still speaks as if the New Course is a party affair. Yet it has gone beyond the party, in theory as in practice, and Dubcek is not a man to rally the country against the anarchy of sectional demands. "We need a Churchill or a de Gaulle," remarked one economist. "The workers will understand that a good director will eventually bring them better wages," said Goldmann. Time will tell.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Take a Giant Steppe

The new *War and Peace* is probably the longest film ever made. (*Made*, not just allowed to run on, like some of Andy Warhol's.) Production started in 1962; sections of it have already been released as separate entities in several countries. For the US the Russians decided to release it en bloc – or en blockbuster. The American version, even after one hour was trimmed from

War and Peace
(Walter Reade-Satra)

the completed film, is in two parts totaling six hours and thirteen minutes. You buy tickets for both parts, to be seen on the same day or on different days, and you get an intermission within each part.

This is not the first film of *War and Peace*. The Russians themselves made a ten-reel version in 1915, and in 1956 King Vidor directed an Italo-American production with Audrey Hepburn as Natasha and Henry Fonda as Pierre. Vidor's film, which had some pretty pictures in it, ran a mere three and a half hours. The statistics on this newest version are in themselves statuesque: over 100 million dollars (in rubles, I assume); 272 sets; 120,000 extras for the battle scenes, and so on. Inevitably it is in wide-screen and color. The color is surprisingly mediocre.

Sergei Bondarchuk, the director, prepared the screen adaptation and also plays Pierre. He has been seen here previously in a poor film called *Fate of a Man* (1961), which, too, he directed. When one thinks, or tries to think, of the amount of work Bondarchuk has put into *War and Peace*, the result is so stupefying that compassion almost begins to tug at criticism. Certainly one fundamental compliment can be paid him. He has tried throughout to make a *film* of War and Peace, not merely to chronicle the novel on film. He has tried, with widely varying results, for intrinsic cinema language. Sometimes, as in the duel between Pierre and Kuragin, this leads merely to hammy tricks with the camera. Sometimes, as in the death of old Prince Bolkonsky, there is an approximation of art. The best scenes are, predictably, the spectacles: the ball at which Natasha meets Andrei (smeared though it is with anachronistic and overdone music), the wolf hunt, the burning of Moscow, and – above all – the battle of Borodino. With every kind of panoramic shot across and above the giant steppe (helicopters were used), with very long tracking shots, with regiments marching and countermarching, with cavalry companies charging and riderless bands of horses stampeding, this enormous battle makes the eyes start and the jaw drop.

But. A crucial but. It is not very moving. What we are chiefly conscious of, in this scene as in most of the big scenes, is the size of the endeavor. It is a fifty-ring circus, not a work of dramatic art. When Eisenstein filmed a gigantic scene, like the battle on the ice in *Alexander Nevsky*, there was never a split second that deviated from a driving artistic concept which was where the whole episode began and which was part of a large design. Bondarchuk is rather a dumb director, incapable of such concepts yet earnest and ambitiously imitative, who simply labors on and on to impress us.

But he has labored so long that the experience of this film, as a whole, takes on a somewhat grotesque quality. Standards of art begin to drop by the wayside, and we begin to be conscious only of stamina – his and ours. Films were not meant to go on at such length. This is not true of novels, such as the one on which this picture is based, because novels do not require the reader's presence in a certain place at and for a specific time; he can read when and where he likes, controlling his own pace. The fact that the film of *War and Peace* is divided virtually in half does not help – in a way it hinders, because it means going *back*, either on that day or another, to take up the film again. In two different years I attended two cycles of *The Ring of the Nibelungs* at the Metropolitan, going back once a week for four weeks. It was a highly pleasurable experience both times, because all four of the music-dramas are independent yet interacting works; each week between performances was a time of savoring and anticipation. But the two-hour dinner break on the one day that I saw all of *War and Peace* was like a breather in an arduous unfinished job. It did not convert the mammoth work into two separate but related three-hour films.

It might be argued that one sometimes sees two independent long films in a day (something I have often done), but two such pictures would not, throughout six hours, exude a sense of desperation at trying to cope with one of the longest and greatest works in literary history, a desperation that inevitably wearies the viewer.

All the dialogue has been dubbed. The English words match the Russian lip-movements fairly well, and most of the voices are adequately cast (old Prince Bolkonsky is an egregious exception), but there is a dead studio sound to the process, an absence of liveness and of planes, and we can never quite forget that all the speech *is* dubbed. Obviously we can never forget the subtitles in a subtitled film, but we know we are watching an attempt to bring us an unimpaired original, which is considerable compensation. To judge the actors purely visually, Bondarchuk behaves adequately as Pierre, Vyacheslav Tihonov acts and looks like Valentino as Andrei, Irina Skobtseva is a seductive Helene, and Vasily Lanovoi is a handsome Kuragin. Ludmila Savelyeva, the Natasha, looks like three parts Sylvia Sidney to one part Audrey Hepburn; she is sprightly as a child, unconvincing as a woman.

Again there is the question that recurs whenever a great book is filmed: for whom was this picture made? Here the real answer is: for the Soviet government, to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary. Well, at least that is a more

(Continued on page 41)

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The Revolt Against Becoming

"In every delicate civilization there functions a radical disjunction between reality and the word," E. M. Cioran writes in an essay called "Style as Risk," one of the dozen or so pieces that make up this collection. This disharmony or lack of coherence between reality and language is the book's main theme, or rather its chief energizing force and occupation, since Cioran is so far from being a systematic thinker that even "theme" is too circumscribed and *official* a word to describe the kinds of tasks his mind sets itself. Impulsive, rash, extraordinarily subtle but also robust, immensely well provided with learning but never merely erudite, rapid, dizzying and dangerous, his writing constitutes that kind of achievement for which the European mind, but not the American, is celebrated: an "autobiography," as Cioran himself calls it, in the form of one's thoughts.

The Temptation to Exist
by E. M. Cioran
Translated from the French by
Richard Howard
Introduction by Susan Sontag
(Quadrangle; $5)

E. M. Cioran? There was a time when we at least knew about the most significant French writers within a few years of their having become known in France; but we've stopped looking in that direction for ideas and new consciousness. Cioran is 57, Rumanian-born, a resident of Paris (without ever having become a French citizen) since 1937, the author, in French, of six books – a study of Joseph de Maistre and five collections of essays, of which "The Temptation to Exist" is the first to be translated into English (brilliantly, by Richard Howard). He has a claim, although he would be the last to do anything to press it and might even think it horrifying, to be regarded as among the handful of forceful and original minds writing anywhere today.

He might think it horrifying because to be a writer even of genius is only the shakiest of triumphs. Writing, in his view, is an abyss that opens up each time one turns to language and thereby separates oneself more widely from life (an abyss only less deep perhaps than the one that opens if we abandon language altogether). What it means to write, beyond personality or psychology, writing as a form of *waging* existence, is Cioran's subject, which is in turn part of a wider ground and arena: the nature, status and destiny of consciousness. Consciousness as the supreme achievement and value of Western civilization, with the crisis that such celebration has brought about, is what Cioran addresses himself to in these essays, which by the very fact of their having been written participate in the crisis and bear all the marks of its bitter and ludicrous agony.

"To be conscious is to be divided from oneself, is to hate oneself. This hatred seethes at our roots at the same time as it furnishes sap to the Tree of Knowledge." Cioran, as Susan Sontag says in her illuminating introduction, is in one sense only the latest in "that melancholy parade of European intellectuals in revolt against the intellect." Yet he is also an elitist of the intellect, uncompromising in his insistence on standards and on daringness in thought, and committed with all the force of his intellect to struggle against the irreconcilabilities that the mind by its very nature opens up between men and the world. He embodies the dilemma in its most acute form and stands, as Miss Sontag says, halfway between a "reprise" of all the old gestures of complaint against the mind and a "genuine transvaluation" of them.

At this point, I present a Cioran sampler, notes on consciousness, intellect, writing and language, offered in lieu of a surely losing effort to "cover" the range of his thought on these matters and do justice to its elusive and protean shape in the space allotted me.

"Silence is unbearable; what strength it takes to settle into the concision of the Inexpressible! It is easier to renounce bread than speech."

"Every word is a word *de trop*. Yet the question is: to write. Let us write. Let us dupe each other."

"Having ceased to be *nature* [the artist and the sophist] live as a function of the word."

"All [the poet's] singularities proceed from his intolerance of words as they are . . . their banality and erosion."

"Consciousness, that nonparticipation in what one is, that faculty of not coinciding with anything. . . ."

"The history of ideas is no more than a parade of labels converted into so many absolutes."

"One does not withdraw one's confidence from words, nor violate their security, without setting one's foot in the abyss."

"The habit of reasoning, of speculation, is the sign of a vital inadequacy."

That reason, thought, is our curse, causing us to "acquire existence by division from our being," while at the same time it remains true that it is our very nature to reason, is Cioran's obsession. The "exacerbation of the intellect and its corresponding diminution of instinct" is the chief element in his reading of Western experience. Yet it isn't simply the dominance of mind at the expense of affective life that has brought us to what Cioran calls "our fate: to be incurables who pro-

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test." It is the way we have seized on our "incurability" while refusing finally to accept it, the way we have made our malaises – products of our consciousness – into the central principle of our self-regard, raising knowledge of our maladies to the status of a self-definition, honoring most those ancestors who have taught us how contented we are, all those "malcontents, triflers, fanatics whose disappointments and excesses we must continue." Among them Cioran includes nearly all the great rebels, the utopians, the literary geniuses of horrific vision, such as Baudelaire and Dostoevsky.

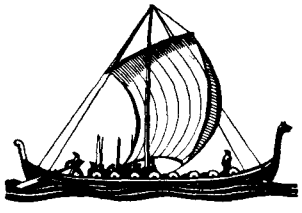
Yet Cioran has no brief for another kind of writer: classic, balanced, humane. "Discretion," he writes, "is deadly to genius, ruinous to talent." And again: "Examine the minds which manage to intrigue us: far from taking the way of the world into consideration, they defend *indefensible* positions." For Cioran, to defend indefensible positions is at the heart of more than strenuous literature; it constitutes the secret of keeping oneself in being. "We cannot be *normal* and *alive*," he writes in one of the most brilliant essays in the book, "On a Winded Civilization." The manner in which he manages to distinguish this necessary abnormality from that which we cultivate as neurotic self-definition seems to me to be one of the primary sources of his originality.

Another is the way he manages to stand on a Platonic base and yet not build the structures one would expect to see rise. (This is a point on which I think Miss Sontag wrong. Rightfully seeing the dualisms in Cioran's thought as Platonic, she tasks him for not making a Nietzschean attempt to resolve them, without seeming to see how strenuous is his refusal to make a *Platonic* resolution of them.) He is stricken with consciousness of finiteness, of *specificity*, and speaks of the "degradation" involved in the "parceling out of the absolute" which takes place in every one of our actions. Yet he erects no system of "ideas" that can serve as absolutes, buttressing us – but only *mentally* – against the erosions of actuality. He exhibits no longing for this particular sort of Western escape through transcendence, and only a rueful, skeptical longing for the Eastern alternative. In the intersection of his hunger for the absolute and his consciousness of finiteness, of his resentment of ideas and his need to employ them, lies the instigation and sustaining force of his genius.

Cioran's attitude towards history is one of the most crucial aspects of his thought and one of the most relevant to us. Overwhelmed by history, sickened by our entrenched habit of thinking of ourselves as products, *results*, we're engaged now in trying to throw history off; this is the innermost meaning of the anti-authoritarian stance of the young. For Cioran, spread-eagled on a longer cross, history is "a monster we have called up against ourselves," and again, "man's aggression against himself." To this point there is nothing that clashes with what the young feel but are seldom able to articulate. But Cioran's thinking soon shows itself as being of a different temper and commitment.

History, for him is the annals of man's futility, the record of his existential anomaly, not the sum of the mistakes men have made; he is no progressive, much less a political radical, nor does his thought ever come to grips directly with political actualities. For him history is characterized by what he calls the "idolatry of becoming," that process of consciousness being transformed into thought and thought into futurity which Nietzsche had in mind when he castigated his own countrymen: poor Germans, "they never are, they're always becoming." To wish to become is to be dissatisfied with what is; it is what Cioran calls our "perpetual revolt," which involves "an irreverence towards ourselves, towards our powers." Against this wish to become Cioran hurls a wish to *un-become*, to find nothingness, no-action, silence, as plenitudes, inverted spurs to being.

This is the most difficult and also the coldest and most forbidding aspect of his thought, but its most crucial. To oppose the idolatry of becoming is for Cioran to wish to overthrow the worship of action, which he calls a "superstition" and a "curse." "Destruction awaits anyone," he writes, "who, answering to his vocation and fulfilling it, exerts himself within history; only



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the man who sacrifices every gift and talent escapes. . . ." The rigor and "inhuman" point of this idea go on being strengthened and honed:

> "May some god grant us the power to resign from everything, to betray everything, the audacity of an unspeakable cowardice!" "If we would regain our freedom, we must shake off the burden of sensation, break our bonds. For all sensation is a bond, pleasure as much as pain. . . . The only free mind is the one that, pure of all intimacy with beings or objects, plies its own vacuity."

Yet Cioran won't be fixed in what might seem a new quietism or a species of Eastern morale. The true implications of his thought, the balancing of contradictions, defense of the indefensible and therefore heroism, emerge in unmistakable ways, not as steps in an argument but as light struck off from his engagements with conditions. When he writes that the "only minds which seduce us are the minds which have destroyed themselves trying to give their lives a meaning," we become aware of how "meaning" inheres more nearly in such doomed enterprises than in solutions or *results*, those species of artifacts by which we fill up the void. And when he writes that, "Only the man who strives to fail deserves our trust: if he succeeds in this he will have killed the monster, the monster he was as long as he was concerned to act, to triumph." – we see that what he's addressing is the core of our idolatries and perversions, our aggression against existence in the name of mastery and success, our displacing the world by the ego, our thrusting forward of the self before being. An impossibilist of purity and the absolute, a lucid sufferer from the disease of finiteness, a man for whom the idea of non-being is the only sure clue to being, Cioran stands towards the rest of us – "ham actors of wisdom and madness" – as someone who will not be *taken in*.

In his rage against becoming, the deferring of life, Cioran can be seen now to have relevance to what is newest in our thinking about ourselves, what is not ham. His thought moves towards and illumines, from a cold, infinitely aristocratic perspective, the thought and action of the present as they concern rebellion against power, control, exploitation, against process and becoming. We *are*, is what members of the young, the illogical, the unmethodical and unimperialist, all those who refuse to be guilty on the one hand and acquisitive on the other, are trying to find the full right words to say.

Cioran is at an earlier stage of this desire. In him it still remains an ache, an impossible hope. As Miss Sontag points out, he is unable to move beyond history, or rather the attitudes of history; he is still a victim of time. There is no principle in his thought of relaxation, that letting go by means of which the self and the moment may announce themselves without need for justification by the future or the past. He writes of "the philosophy of unique moments, the only philosophy," but it remains a *philosophy*, a consolation and a substitute. What is needed, perhaps, is a newer kind of heroism than his, of the sort Miss Sontag touches on when she compares Cioran with John Cage and finds the latter more centrally involved in an act of freedom because of his less fierce will, his greater capacity to *forget*. Meanwhile Cioran is there to give us "this lesson in perplexity," this noble example of how, short of peace, the mind has to see to it that we don't mistake what we have, that we don't find it peaceful.

Nothing But the Truth

by Richard Howard

When an author makes us aware that his work might not have existed at all, yet that it could not have been other than it is, we say he has *authority*. The five authoritative stories in this book– four of them of some length and one very brief – suggest in a fashion quite worthy of the amazing *Omensetter's Luck*, Mr. Gass' first novel, that the struggle against the void has been a close call.

In the Heart of the Heart of the Country and Other Stories
by William H. Gass
(Harper & Row; $4.95)

We are more aware, this time, of the problematic, the oppositional, and less certain of the inevitable, the resonance of an assertion sounded, than in the case of the novel. And this is because *Omensetter's Luck* concerned the advent of a god in Gilean, Ohio; the theophany of Dionysius, whether he was worshipped or denied charged the writing with an energy and elevation otherwise unaccountable in those land-locked lives, those overheard ruminations. In the new book the god does not descend, and what Mr. Gass in his essay on Henry James calls "the content of dialogue, the shape and dress of setting, the very turn and tumble of the sentences themselves" is directed only by the sense, taut in the voices of the characters – one to a tale – that *none of this is real*.

Hence the primacy, the compensatory density of things, objects. What we overhear in these stories is the obsessive jamming of voices, of arguments which attempt to cancel themselves out by their own articulations and which are prevented, baffled by the resisting world of *things* (Mr. Gass reifies even conditions like weather and history, to the point of paralysis; "you'd think, being here the time he has," one character remarks of a neighbor's futile use of snow fences, "he'd know the forces better" – *the forces* are overwhelmingly physical, baffling and binding like the snow: "in a blizzard you got to be where you're going if you're going to get there"). Each story ends with the speaker frozen (literally, in some cases) at the center of his invoked inertia:

> "I stand dumbly while the dusk deepens. Indeed I am not myself. This is not the world. I have gone too far. It is the way fairy tales begin – with a sudden slip over the rim of reality."

Nothing is overcome, nothing is effected, even, but much is realized,

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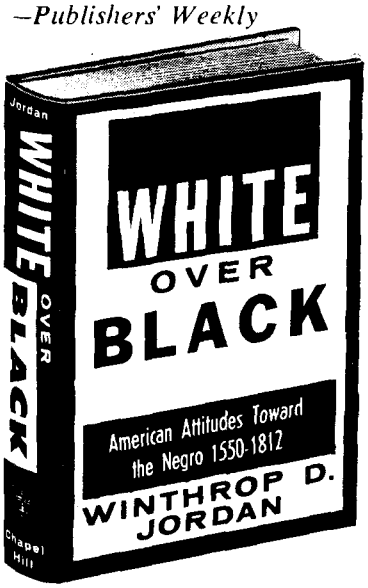

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come to: a state, a *standing* of impregnable negation. As in the opening tale, *The Pedersen Kid*, in which the narrator's identity is displaced, projected, and even extruded into a world of ice and there allowed to stagnate into a frozen solitude ("all that could happen was alone with me and I was alone with it"), the end of each Gass story is analogous with the blank waste of whiteness into which Poe's Arthur Gordon Pym vanishes at the end of *his* narrative. *The Pedersen Kid* is the god unavowed ("like spring had come all at once to our kitchen, and our all the time not knowing he was there"), abandoned by the narrator who starts out – "like a knight setting out" – in quest of his final blizzard mortality, paralyzing and incommensurable: "something big, heroic even, and well worth remembering."

The second tale, *Mrs. Mean*, explores another voice, this one suburban, bookish, self-deprecating ("No one has his home here but myself; for I have chosen . . . to conjecture, to rest my life upon a web of theory – as ready as the spider is to mend or suck dry intruders"), but quite as ready in its mode of inertia to appropriate Other Lives as is the speaker of *The Pedersen Kid* in his icy errantry. The bordering fantasy of the speaker, not disdaining earthly things but reaching beyond "the full sound and common feel of life," is defeated by his own obsession with alien vitality: "against the mechanical flutter of appearance I failed to put the glacial movement of reality." And after some forty pages of hideous comic detail in which no instance of trivial object or action is spared (though none indulged: "it is amazing," Gass' helpless householder remarks, "how the feelings of the universal fables sometimes focus in a single burning vision"), after the horrifying struggles of the spider caught in the web of its own secreting, the words close in on the immobilized narrator, "entangled mortally in illusion":

> "Shut in my room as I so often am now with my wife's eyes fastened to the other side of the door like blemishes in the wood, I try to analyze my feelings . . . and when I see them clearly then I know the time is only days before I shall squeeze through the back screen of the Means' house and be inside."

The third piece, *Icicles*, is even more closely girdled by the domestic bonds of life, the paraphernalia of middle-class madness among which we all live and die:

> "There were faint stripes in the trousers he'd never noticed before. They gave him a fright, lurking in the cloth. What else might be?"

And the only escape from things, from the pinioning body itself ("your body owns you . . . this town – the body of your beloved"), is for Fender, excruciatingly-named hero that he is, to become mere ice, the insentient rods of phallic mastery which his own existence lacks: "if he could grow them inside himself, he could swallow them like a carnival performer and put their beauty in his body. . . ." This is the most terrible of Gass' fictions, for there is no yearning in it toward another kind of life, no fascination with some envied, alien vitality, but only the blank abstraction from a petit-bourgeois anguish into cold forms. And it is funny as well, though in this weather it hurts to laugh.

A woman's voice provides the scherzo among these stories, in the brief *Order of Insects*, though it must not be assumed that there is anything cheery in Mr. Gass' minor efforts – they are in a minor key as well, a necrophiliac register in which the yearning displacement of selfhood finds its target, its goal in the bodies of roaches: "this bug that I hold in my hand and know to be dead is beautiful, and there is a fierce joy in its composition that beggars every other, for its joy is the joy of stone . . . ." The little monologue is a humoresque only because this aspiration to the negative is renounced, wistfully and with a certain domestic indictment of a woman's place:

> "This point of view I tremble in is the point of view of a god, and I feel certain, somehow, that I could give myself entirely to it, were I not continuing a woman, I could disarm my life, find peace and order everywhere. . . . But I am a woman. I am not worthy."

In the first four pieces, as I have said,

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we are more aware that the utterance might not have been made at all than that it was what it had to be: it is sufficient praise for William Gass' virtuosity that he lures across the border of existence conditions and concerns evidently dedicated to their own cancellation. Only in the last piece, the title piece of the group, is there a sense of self which is left over, however benumbed by loss and distaste. Opening with an ironic invocation to Yeats' "Byzantium" ("So I have sailed the seas and come"), the narrator anatomizes – in a series of prose emblems under headings like "Weather," "Politics (for all those not in love)," "My House," "Vital Data" – a small town "fastened to a field in Indiana." It is the most moving of the pieces precisely because we share it ("everyone is out of luck who lives here") and because here the god – Eros – *had* descended, and has left. The effect is as if Wotan were detailing the furnishings in Valhalla after Freia has been taken from him: "I am in retirement from love . . . and as I write this page, it is eleven days since I have seen the sun." No accuracy with regard to "the sour and acrid community of effect" is scanted – indeed a specific bow is made to the Faulkner of the Snopeses, that paradigmatic explorer of these wilds – but the cumulative lyric impact of the piece, in its 32 parts (the same number as the lines in "Sailing to Byzantium"), is not the impact of the self-abolishing, the negative, the ultimately silent, but rather that celebration, that naming of parts which cannot be other than they are which we call poetry. This is a volume of fictions which tell the truth, and speak even beyond the truth they tell; it is in that outspokenness, the risk of leaving something standing in his mind, that the authority of William Gass persists.

A Checkup for the Universities

by Joseph Featherstone

Universities are becoming the characteristic institutions of our social order, and it is scandalous that our critical understanding of what they are and how they work still takes the form of three fragmentary lines of criticism, none of which has been thoroughly developed:

1. One body of criticism takes off from Thorstein Veblen's polemic, *The*

The Dissenting Academy
edited by Theodore Roszak
(Pantheon; $6.95)

Higher Learning in America (1918), which argued that universities were so dominated by other institutions that scholars could no longer engage in disinterested scholarship. In Veblen's day the threat was from big business; today the argument is being revised to attack big government as well. The ideal is still to defend scholarship.

2. A second line of argument, quite different, although it is often made to resemble the first, is a radical, sometimes Marxist, critique: that the university's professors are essentially apologists for the status quo, the supposed neutrality and objectivity of their scholarship being masks to cover up oppression and middle-class escapism. The ideal here is action: radical organizing or revolutionary activity.

3. A third position continues William James' thought that the organization of scholarship into professional disciplines – what he called the "Ph.D. Octopus" – is hostile to teaching and incapable of meeting the human needs of students for passion and moral commitment. This is essentially a plea for the claims of feeling and individual experience against the deadening weight of institutions.

It is possible to work out intelligent combinations of all these kinds of arguments; yet it is curious how seldom this is done in any consistent way. Versions of one position keep being bootlegged into arguments that are essentially rooted in another. Historians who have built their careers on hymns in praise of the American genius will cry "objectivity" and turn the hounds loose upon radically activist scholars. And much radical criti-

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cism of universities has a built-in ambiguity, for radicals are often unclear on a crucial issue: the possibilities for action. If a viable movement or a genuine revolution is possible, that is the first radical priority and the university as an institution is more or less irrelevant. But if matters are uncertain, or if neither possibility exists, then objective scholarship may also be a radical ideal worth fighting for.

The essays in *The Dissenting Academy* play light variations on these basic themes. A few of them criticizing the state of the humanities – including the social sciences – are very good: Noam Chomsky's lucid and compelling piece on "The Responsibility of Intellectuals" is by itself worth the price of admission, although strictly speaking it doesn't focus on the academy. Theodore Roszak's evocation of the spirit of the Enlightenment is an eloquent rebuke to the multiversity, and two other essays, one on economics by Sumner M. Rosen and the other on social science by Robert Engler are informative documentations of some of the phenomena contributing to today's queasy academic atmosphere. Yet the essays seldom go beyond registering dissatisfaction. Part of the trouble is the book's design: by conceiving the problems of the university in terms of discreet disciplines, you make it less likely that any analysis of the university as a whole will emerge. Lacking any scaffolding, perfectly sound points about different fields seem ineffectual and querulous, the sort of scattershot grousing you hear in any faculty club: English scholars are pedants, some social scientists are on the take, the CIA is everywhere, economists don't want to study poverty, and so on.

The Rosen and Engler essays only point up the kind of systematic radical and Veblenian questions we badly need to ask about the economic role of universities, the different social roles of scholars, their relationships to business and to government, the parts they play in shaping foreign and paramilitary policy. Reports of what economists and social scientists say, and what they occasionally get caught doing in affairs like *Project Camelot* are important, but lacking the institutional context, even these two useful accounts read like airy exercises in intellectual history written without any attention to social and economic conditions. In order to make judgments, you must know what standards are relevant, and our present stock of facts and ideas doesn't seem to be an adequate set of guides to the emerging order. We remain ignorant partly because both public and private universities are labyrinthine and secretive, but mainly our ignorance stems from outmoded ideas of the university, the nature of its "community," and academic life in general.

Some of the writers in *The Dissenting Academy* are shocked by faculty entrepreneuring in the modern fashion. It should no longer surprise anyone, however, that in some contexts a powerful academic operator plays a social role closer to that of Boss Tweed than to any customary idea of scholarly life. Similarly, few essays show any awareness of the vast social transformations universities have wrought, or even that universities stand in a significant re-

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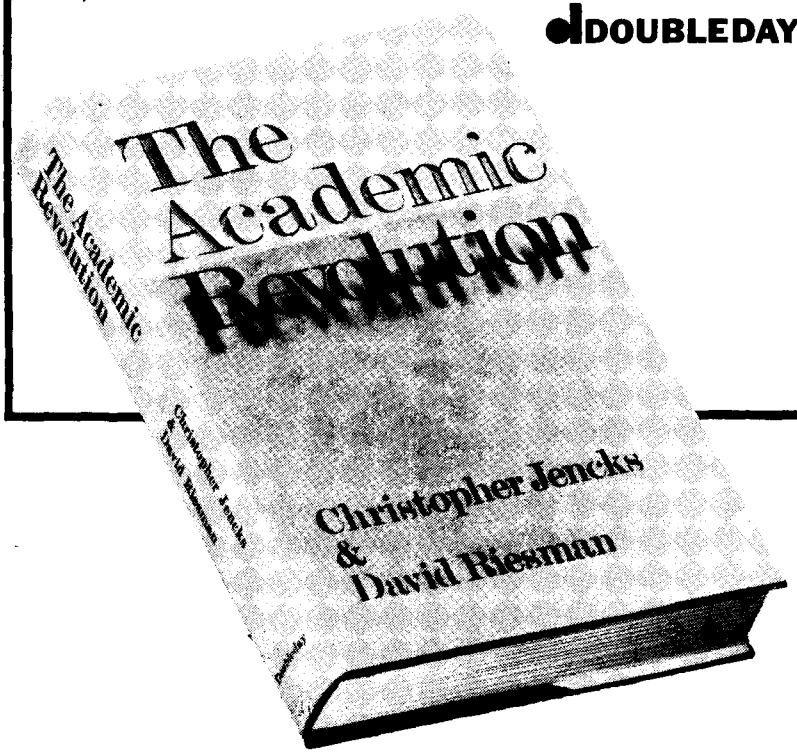

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lationship to the GNP as well as to traditions of scholarship. (In one four-year period, 21 companies, employing 3,000 people and doing $76 million worth of business were set up in the Boston area, largely spun off from the faculties of MIT and Harvard.) It may be that the university needs to be analyzed in terms appropriate to the scale and purposes of, say, Standard Oil in the 1890's rather than according to traditional notions of the academy.

This is to make the point as polemically as possible. Universities are a richly diverse lot, and the older traditions are still alive – gloomy Veblen would be astonished at the relative vigor of scholarly independence today, though I don't think he would care for what scholars choose to do with their freedom. There may be many aspects of the new academic boom towns along the university frontier that will not fit previous categories. The first order of work preceding outrage is simply to demythologize the universities. We must determine the social nature of our Boss Tweeds and Standard Oils, and then decide where we can live with their new order, and exactly where preserving older ideals will force us to draw battle lines.

These sorts of objections keep intruding even when *The Dissenting Academy* is judged on its own narrow terms. For example, nearly every essay contains a more or less Jamesian lament about the quality of teaching in colleges and graduate schools, though nobody goes into the question at any length, and there is no suggestion of what the various disciplines should be offering students. (There is scarcely a mention of students.) The reason why teaching is terrible, why undergraduates and graduate students pick up dishonest and harmful techniques of apparent learning, why they are passive and have a hard time thinking for themselves, why, above all, they are so often bored and repelled by courses – has to do with the way universities are organized, and not simply with the vagaries of willful men.

This is a complex argument, which has been stated most intelligently by Christopher Jencks and David Riesman in their forthcoming book, *The Academic Revolution*, a section of which appeared recently in the *Atlantic Monthly*. It concerns the central role of the graduate school, which monopolizes university appointments and therefore university teaching, turning the typical undergraduate major into a rigid Ph.D. program writ small, and making the typical graduate program an obstacle course of professional requirements.

Jencks and Riesman grant that Ph.D. programs are better than they used to be, and better than they are in other countries, and they concede their merit as centers of scholarship, research, and intellectual life (a concession I would be less inclined to make.) Their principal criticism is the Ph.D. system's effect on students and its defects as a training ground for teachers. The more professionalization there is, the more emphasis there is on creating a single discipline. In the case of relatively "soft" fields like English or Political Science or History the discipline turns out to be an arbitrary, almost imaginary construct, an intellectual patchwork put together out of what are after all, largely administrative categories. The tendency is to make the "objective" standards of the department supreme in the university, which means, in the absence of truly objective standards, judging the importance of all work by its effect on other professionals, and not by its intrinsic relevance to intellectual, personal, or political commitments. It is curious to note, as Jencks and Riesman do, that the spread of the departmental model, with its rigid grouping of skills and its parochial definitions of standards is widening at a time when the best and most imaginative American scholarship is engaged in crossing over disciplinary lines. Training in today's standards may in fact handicap young scholars in their attemptss to do first-rate work in the future. But whether it is intellectually obsolete or not, the main drawback of the departmental system is its deadening effect on students, who cannot link their professional skills to personal or social commitments, and who are perhaps of a generation that demands more from life than its elders. For some teaching would do this, but teaching is not subject to "objective" standards and therefore counts for little. The effects of this system are an important aspect of the general malaise of the graduate schools, which are slowly becoming conscious of the fact that they are losing or embittering some of their best students.

Jencks and Riesman make a number of good suggestions for opening up graduate schools and universities to a wider range of values, and we need many more. We also need accounts of experiments in college and university education, such as Martin Duberman's honest and thoughtful essay in the recent *Daedalus* on two classes at Princeton. Duberman is an historian, and a good one, and he explains what was involved in trying to help two groups of students choose a course of study and pursue it in their own way. In some respects the piece is a troubled meditation on teaching students who have seldom been permitted to think for themselves: how far you and they can get in one series of encounters. And in others, it is about the relevance

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of feeling to thinking, which is, as they say in the journals, a much neglected subject. It is a small straw in a big, cold wind, but, like *The Dissenting Academy*, it may be a sign of change. I wonder how many dissatisfied academics would be interested in trying an experiment like the one it describes.

Eminent Gadabout

by Gertrude Himmelfarb

The instinctive response of the historian to any important discovery is not satisfaction but unease. For each such discovery reminds him of the extreme precariousness of the historical enterprise. If this new fact had been so long and successfully concealed, how many other facts are still concealed? How faulty is the historical record? And how can one work with this abiding consciousness of ignorance and error?

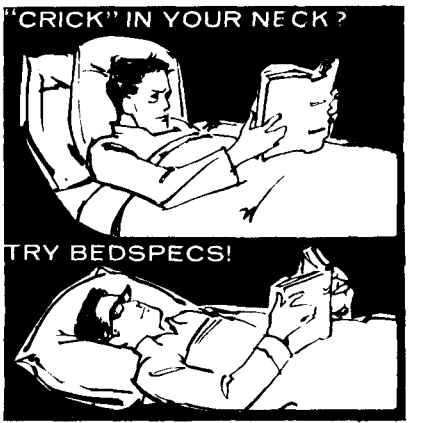
Lytton Strachey
by Michael Holroyd
The Unknown Years, 1880-1910
(Vol. I)
The Years of Achievement, 1910-1932
(Vol. II)
(Holt, Rinehart and Winston; $21.95 set)

The revelations contained in this mammoth biography of Lytton Strachey are neither momentous nor totally unexpected. Yet, perhaps for that reason, they suggest all the more the fragility of historical reconstructions. We have known something of the homosexual element in English intellectual life at various times and places, and have suspected its latent presence elsewhere. But we have never before been aware of how deep and extensive it has been. If, then, this relatively small secretion of knowledge can require of us a relatively large reconsideration of several aspects of English life over several decades – and this in very recent times, when we have abundant living as well as written sources and when a candor that often verges on exhibitionism might have been expected to have made those sources available – what would be the consequence of a major and totally novel discovery about a period for which the evidence is sparse? Holroyd's work raises anxieties of a quite different order from the sexual ones that dominate its pages.

That the homosexuality revealed here was not simply a dislocation of normal sexuality is more than sufficiently demonstrated in these two volumes. The most liberated and assiduous "womanizer" (the English term is itself testimony to the prevalence of homosexuality) could not have led a life of such intense and complicated sexuality – unless, that is, like Havelock Ellis, he chose to make a vocation of sex. For Strachey, after all, sex was only an avocation. But what a demanding one! It is extraordinary how a man of such feeble constitution could have been so sexually and emotionally energetic. Like the Victorians for whom he had such contempt, he enjoyed – the word is used advisedly – a variegated and perennial state of ill-health, which, again like the Victorians, seemed not to interfere with an endless succession of visits, travels, and domestic rearrangements, all conducted under the most difficult physical circumstances. The reader, following these constant changes of venue and of partners, is left exhausted, confused, and full of admiration for the semi-invalid who managed, in addition, to pursue an equally active and varied literary career.

For the benefit of a less agile generation, Mr. Holroyd might have considered accompanying (or replacing) his text with some visual aids: geographical tables indicating where, when, and with whom Strachey was sojourning at any time; and sexual diagrams on the model of genealogies. (Ideally the two should be combined, but this might require a three-dimensional model.) Devotees of Iris Murdoch or John Updike may be able to do without such aids, but the rest of us need all the help we can get to move through the labyrinth of, for example, Strachey's relationship with Dora Carrington. Here we have a cast of half-a-dozen men and women appearing, simultaneously and consecutively, in almost every conceivable combination and permutation of heterosexuality and homosexuality, including lesbianism, perpetually scurrying from one rendezvous to another, exchanging confidences and devising stratagems, pursuing and being pursued, until the reader guiltily finds release and peace in Carrington's death. (She was always "Carrington," never "Dora" – as if to keep us perpetually alert to every contingency and ambiguity.)

It would seem ungrateful to ask Mr. Holroyd, who has told us so much, why no one has told it before. Yet the question is legitimate, and legitimately addressed to him. For the suppression of the evidence until now is itself part of the Strachey story. It was Strachey and his friends (who were so graphically, almost pornographically, candid in their letters, and for whom candor was an essential part of their creed) who were themselves responsible for the conspiracy of silence. They were



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their own biographers, historians, and memorialists. It was they who wrote so eloquently of Cambridge before World War I, of Bloomsbury in the twenties, and of English cultural and intellectual life in general in the first half of this century, without mentioning what was perhaps the most vital and cohesive factor in it all. Roy Harrod, an intimate friend of Keynes, wrote what has been regarded as the definitive biography of one of the most important figures of our time – not merely an intellectual biography but a life in the conventional sense – without so much as alluding to his homosexuality. And Keynes, it now appears, was not a latent or passive or occasional homosexual; he was as overt and active as Strachey himself; indeed he was Strachey's chief rival in the pursuit of the budding "Embryos" who were Cambridge's main attraction, and it was he who generally succeeded in carrying them off. Similarly, Leonard Woolf has written three autobiographical volumes dealing with precisely the same characters who figure so prominently in the Strachey biography. The fact that Woolf himself was not a homosexual, something of a rarity in his set, must surely have made him all the more sensitive to the goings-on around him. Yet in these books of transparent honesty, as it seemed at the time, so outspoken about financial matters and about his wife's breakdowns, there is nothing of the frenetic activity portrayed by Holroyd. More recently Quentin Bell, drawing upon the most intimate familial and professional knowledge, has managed to write a book on Bloomsbury which delicately characterizes the sexual ambience as "feminist" and "libertarian," and in which the only explicit reference to homosexuality is in connection with D. H. Lawrence, whose hostility to Bloomsbury is ascribed to the fact that he "suspected" them of the homosexuality that he unconsciously feared in himself.

Mr. Bell, whose book had the misfortune to appear in England about the same time as Mr. Holroyd's, opens with one of those disarming statements that only serve to put us on our guard:

> "I have suppressed a good deal that I know and much more at which I can guess concerning the private lives of the people whom I shall discuss. This is, primarily, a study in the history of ideas, and although *moeurs* of Bloomsbury have to be considered and will in a general way be described, I am not required nor am I inclined to act as Clio's chambermaid, to sniff into commodes or under beds, to open love-letters or to scrutinize diaries."

How stuffily un-Bloomsbury. But more important, how disingenuous. For in fact the private lives of this group were intimately related to their ideas. I am not offering this as a general proposition; the history of ideas can often proceed quite independently of biographical studies. But the point of Bloomsbury was precisely the necessary relation of mind and being. This was the lesson of G. E. Moore: "By far the most valuable things, which we know or can imagine, are certain states of consciousness which may be roughly described as the pleasures of human intercourse and the enjoyment of beautiful objects." And it was the theme of Strachey's famous biographical studies: Cardinal Manning, whose religious conversion and career were seen as the result of an unbridled egotism and lust for power (and, by implication, of repossessed sensuality); Florence Nightingale, celebrated for her humanitarianism and genius for reform but revealed as driven by morbid and misdirected sexual energy; Dr. Arnold, whose moral zeal was associated with a mean spirit and stunted body; General Gordon, the public embodiment of courage, action, and patriotism, and the private victim of mystical delusions and alcoholic dependence; Queen Elizabeth, so offended by manhood as to make castration an instrument of state policy; Prince Albert, who threw himself into public service to still the impulses of his latent homosexuality.

In each case the technique was the same. This technique, purportedly Strachey's great innovation and the decisive blow to Victorian piety, was

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nothing else than the reduction (and I use that word with deliberate pejorative intent) of the public to the private, intellect to will, morality to emotion. It was in fact no great innovation, human nature having manifested a proclivity for such reductionism long before a vulgarized Freudianism sanctioned it. But no one before Strachey applied it so systematically. And for no one else did it represent so complete a simultaneous triumph of principle and temperament. One can argue about the exact extent of the injustice perpetrated by this technique in the case of each of his subjects. Applied to Strachey himself, however, given his philosophy and temperament, such reductionism would do minimal injury. Which is why it is particularly ironic that Bloomsbury should have withheld the details of private life where these details would have been most relevant. Ironic too that it was James Strachey, Lytton's younger brother, the disciple, translator and popularizer of Freud, who refused access to Lytton's papers for more than thirty years and then raised innumerable objections to Holroyd's use of them. (The unavailability of the papers, however, does not account for the reticence of those biographers who had no need to document what they knew perfectly well.)

One would not want to do to Strachey what he did to others – reduce the whole of an acting, thinking life to a single aspect of personality. Yet how important this single aspect of personality is in understanding his work! This is not to suggest that only a homosexual could have been so destructive of authority, suspicious of morality, venomous towards the father (and mother) figures representing that moral authority, cavalier in respect to truth, arch in innuendo, and tiresomely fey in rhetoric. But knowing about Strachey's homosexuality, we can better understand the quality of his writing, the perfect apposition of style and substance. Mr. Holroyd stops short of this kind of analysis, but he provides us with the raw material required for it.

We may also be tempted to go beyond Mr. Holroyd in seeking an explanation of the special cultural, social, and even political quality of Bloomsbury, the quality revealed, for example, in the attitude of Strachey and his friends towards World War I. Theirs was a pacifism which was frankly, almost blithely, "defeatism" (Strachey's only apparent concession to the war was to take up the study of German so as to be prepared for a likely German victory); and which was avowedly self-centered and self-indulgent. Parties were as gay and life was as uninhibited as ever, the most serious inconvenience being the need to appear occasionally before the local tribunal to confirm the status of conscientious objection. And even the latter occasions were enlivened in typical Bloomsbury manner. Asked what he would do if a German soldier tried to rape his sister, Strachey solemnly turned around to look at each of his sisters in turn before replying: "I should try and interpose my own body."

Again this is not to suggest that homosexuality created the culture that we think of as Bloomsbury. It may well be that the culture created, or at least encouraged, the homosexuality that was so congenial to it. Nor is it important here to enter into that hoary controversy about the precise definition, membership, or intentions of Bloomsbury. What is important is to reconsider that culture in the light of what we now know about it, to take seriously what we have been inclined, out of reasons of tolerance or embarrassment, to pass off lightly. The "Hominform," as it has been called, with its penetration of schools, universities, the civil service, the literary and artistic world, may well succeed the "old-boy-network" and the "Establishment" as the subject of serious sociological inquiry.

Notes on Contributors

Richard Howard *is a translator, poet and writer of fiction. His most recent translation is of a book by E. M. Cioran which Mr. Gilman is reviewing this week.* Joseph Featherstone *is a contributing editor to this journal.* Gertrude Himmelfarb *is professor of history at Brooklyn College. Her most recent book is* Victorian Minds. Edward Sherman *is a teaching fellow at Harvard Law School.* Boris Weintraub *works for* The Washington Evening Star.

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The Great Draft Debate

by Edward F. Sherman

In December 1966 a "Conference on the Draft" was called at the University of Chicago. President Johnson had already appointed a blue-ribbon commission under former Assistant Attorney General Burke Marshall to study the draft, and the House Armed Services Committee had appointed an advisory panel headed by retired General Mark Clark, but the Chicago Conference was different. Instead of predominantly public figures, the Conference was composed of some hundred distinguished intellectuals representing almost every conceivable position on the draft. It was a chance for those who had done the seminal work in analyzing manpower recruitment – like Morris Janowitz and Margaret Mead (favoring national service) and Milton Friedman and Walter Y. Oi (advocating a volunteer army) – to present their ideas in person and have them criticized by other experts. The papers and discussions from this conference have now been published in a hefty volume entitled *The Draft: A Handbook of Fact and Alternatives*. It is an indispensable book for anyone interested in knowing all about the problem.

The Draft: A Handbook of Facts and Alternatives
edited by Sol Tax
(University of Chicago; $12.95)
Why the Draft? The Case for a Volunteer Army
edited by James C. Miller, III
(Penguin; $1.25)
The Draft?
A Report prepared for the American Friends Service Committee
(Hill & Wang; $3.50)
How to Stay out of the Army: A Guide to Your Rights under the Draft Law
by Conrad J. Lynn
(Monthly Review Press; $1.25)

A wide variety of proposals were advocated. The present draft system was supported in singularly unimpressive papers by General Lewis B. Hershey and General S. L. A. Marshall and in a more persuasive one by Colonel Samuel H. Hays of West Point.

Apart from the military men however, there was little enthusiasm for the present procedures. Paper after paper condemned them for unfairness, inefficiency, ineffective use of manpower, and unnecessary use of compulsion. The lottery draft was proposed by Senator Edward Kennedy and Harold Wool, Director for Procurement Policy of the Office of the Assistant Secretary of Defense (Manpower), but it too received little support and was strongly criticized for continuing the compulsory aspects of the system without remedying its inefficiency and inequity.

The two proposals which commanded the greatest interest were *national service* and the *volunteer army*, and it was clear that the participants felt that one of these plans will one day replace the draft (60 of the 100 members signed a petition supporting the volunteer army concept). The *national service* scheme is that every man must upon reaching a certain age (and woman too, under Margaret Mead's proposal) serve in the armed forces or non-military national service. This is a variation of the old Universal Military Training concept advocated by President Truman in the late 1940's and more recently by President Eisenhower, but it differs in that it permits the inductee a choice between military and civilian work.

The national service scheme, as outlined by Donald J. Eberly, Executive Director of the National Service Secretariat, is rather elaborate. Upon graduation from high school or on reaching 18, youths would spend a summer at a National Service camp where they would be informed of opportunities in military and non-military service and higher education, and "live and work with a heterogeneous group of young people." Those who wish to perform non-military service would then go to work for the enterprise which has accepted them; those who have not found a place would go to National Service Placement Centers where, for 3 to 6 months, they would be tested given physical training and a service activity to perform, and trained in a specific skill. A National Foundation for Volunteer Services would receive requests from government and private agencies for national service workers and would determine what activities qualify for it. Since only about 30-40 percent of the 1.8 million men who reach 18 each year are needed by the military (short of an all-out war), most national service work would be non-military.

It is a grand plan, which would, according to Margaret Mead, "make it possible to assay the defects and the potentialities of every young American on the threshold of adulthood" and give young adults "the satisfaction of service performed on behalf of the nation," permit massive rehabilitation and reeducation of disadvantaged youths, and create a new awareness of social values. Its critics suggest mildly that national service would be even more inefficient and authoritarian than the draft, and more irately, that the individual would be subordinated to the state, subjected to massive thought and value-control, and forced to donate his services to the state without proper compensation.

The *volunteer army* has the support of such disparate advocates as Milton Friedman and John Kenneth Galbraith, Barry Goldwater and Norman Thomas, Senator Edward Brooke and James Farmer. The proposal, simply stated, is that military pay and benefits be increased to attract enough volunteers for an all-volunteer military force. It would have the advantage of removing all compulsion, therefore all inequities, which arise out of a compulsory system, would be more efficient, and would have much less disruptive effect.

Critics of the volunteer army at the conference argued that when the draft was suspended in 1947-48, there were not enough volunteers to man the armed forces and that, in a 1966 survey, only four percent of the soldiers questioned felt that pay equal to civilian standards would influence their staying in the army. It fell to Walter Oi, University of Washington economist, to provide statistical support to show that a volunteer army was feasi-

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ıle, and his study is a classic. By ısing military manpower statistics and nathematical equations, Oi showed hat an all-volunteer force of 2.65 million men could be provided by an ncrease of only $4 million in military ›ay (an increase of less than nine per-:ent in the federal defense budget). The average pay of enlisted men vould be raised 68 percent (from the ›resent $2,500 to $4,200 per year) and hat of career noncommissioned and :ommissioned officers 17 percent. The :osts of the compulsory draft – in dis-uption of draftees from jobs, in reduction of civilian output, in moving :xpenses, in economic inefficiency, etc. - are higher than a volunteer army's vould be.

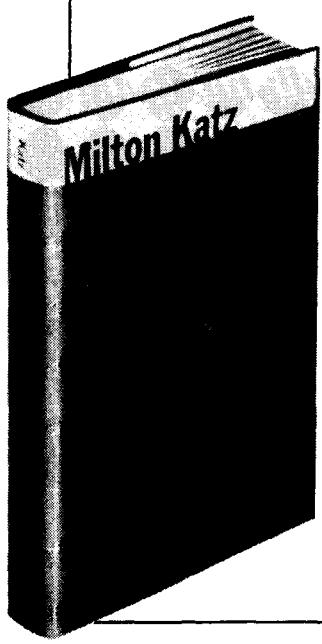
Milton Friedman undertook in a short ›iece to answer the other objections to :he volunteer plan – that it would re-ɜult in an all-Negro army, that it would create a professional body of mercenaries which would threaten our democracy, and that it would not be flexible enough to expand rapidly in time of crisis. These objections cannot be answered with the certitude provided by Oi's statistical calculations. Friedman appears correct in calling the Negro argument a "red herring," but the social and economic consequences of raising military pay without improving Negro pay and opportunities in other sectors (which Friedman does not advocate) need more consideration than he offers. Similarly, he answers the flexibility argument a bit too facilely by citing his faith in the market mechanism: if more men are needed, "make pay and conditions of service more attractive than is required to recruit the number of men that it is anticipated will be needed. There would then be an excess of volunteers – queues. If the number of men required increased, the queues could be shortened and conversely."

The Chicago Conference was a success, but it had little effect on the 1967 draft law. The draft was reinstated, graduate school deferments were scheduled to end, the President was forbidden to use a lottery but permitted to draft 19-year-olds first, and a raft of anti-dissenter provisions were added. The "great draft debate of 1966-67" failed to bring about reform, but the debate, of course, goes on. Two recent books, both advocating the volunteer army but for different reasons, begin the 1968 debate on a high plane. *Why the Draft? The Case for a Volunteer Army* is a well-argued brief, in paperback, by seven young economics professors who were colleagues at the University of Virginia. It has already become a best-seller on campuses. *The Draft?* is a thin hardback also written by a group, eight men who have been involved in draft-counseling for the American Friends Service Committee. It is an eloquent and thoughtful analysis of the effects of the draft upon the individual and the national spirit.

Why the Draft?, as its authors acknowledge, owes much to Friedman and Oi. Much of the statistical information and basic ideas are taken from them, but are put in a more readable form, and, from the point of view of pure advocacy, are often more persuasive than the conference papers. (The book does suffer in its repetitiveness from the fact of various authorship.) *Why the Draft?* considers the voluntary army concept under four criteria – equity, feasibility, national tradition, and social balance and democratic ideals. The authors conclude that it is equitable because no one serves who is not a volunteer, that (on the basis of Oi's studies and the British and Canadian experience) it is economically feasible, that our national tradition shows a long history (broken only by the two World Wars) of opposition to compulsory conscription, and that our democratic ideals would be better preserved by a volunteer army.

The authors of *The Draft?* are less interested in the economic aspects of the matter than the humanitarian. This is a soul-searching document by pacifists and pacifist-sympathizers, attempting less to justify than explain their horror of any compulsory manpower recruitment system. One especially fine chapter is on the psychological effects of the draft. Among other things it cites the undisguised appeals to masculinity (with hints at sexual inadequacy) of recruiting literature, contains an interesting discussion of

THE RELEVANCE OF INTERNATIONAL ADJUDICATION
by Milton Katz



One of America's foremost legal scholars explores here whether and to what extent decisions by international tribunals have been significant – or may yet be significant – for the settlement of international disputes. While ranking adjudication high among man's great creative achievements, the author argues that it has limitations both in current practice and in its potential scope. Our misunderstanding and misapplication of adjudication, Mr. Katz says, can divert us from finding other ways and means of settling particular international disputes. In presenting his argument, the former chief of the Marshall Plan in Europe concentrates on the period since the end of World War II and deals primarily with international conflict within the experience of the U.N. and the International Court of Justice. He focuses on disputes resulting from the Cold War, and on those between established industrial states and newly emerging nations. $4.95

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the authoritarian values instilled by basic training, and examines the psychiatric disorders which often develop in late adolescents who live in a forced military atmosphere.

A chapter on conscientious objection reveals the moral quandary which the draft poses for the Friends. Although like all religious pacifists who oppose wars, they are exempt from the draft, the authors make a strong plea for exemption for selective objectors also. Ours is an age, they say, "often conditioned by an extentialist or situational ethics approach" which does not relate to absolutes. The person who says "I will go to jail before I'll go to Vietnam, but I would have fought against Hitler," should not be forced, in order to prove his moral opposition to this war, to deny that he would have fought against Hitler. Some religious CO's, the authors say, have decided to refuse exemption because it means cooperating with the Selective Service System, and accepting immunity while the unfairness of treatment to others continues. The antidote, they contend, is in the draft resistance movement, which views "conscientious objection as a new identity, a new community – an answer, finally, to rebellion, alienation, and disaffiliation as necessary ways of living."

Conrad Lynn's book, *How to Stay out of the Army: A Guide to Your Rights under the Draft Law*, is more than a paperback "do-it-yourself" manual on how to snooker the draft board. It has practical tips, but is also an examination by an experienced lawyer of some of the principal legal and constitutional issues raised by draft resistance. Lynn's discussion of the Supreme Court's 1965 *Seeger* decision (concerning non-religious conscientious objection) and the Nuremberg defenses (which he raised unsuccessfully as counsel in the 1967 *Mitchell* case) are as intelligible a presentation of complicated legal issues as one could ask for.

The tips are useful. Timing is essential in dealing with a draft board. The first a young man will usually hear from his board, after registration at 18, is when he is mailed a classification questionnaire. He often does not realize that he loses his right to appeal a I-A classification if he does not return it on time. There is advice about procedures and evidence for qualifying for exemptions and deferments, how to appeal a classification, what rights one has who decides "not to go," how to get bail, rights on appeal, and even sample letters to the draft board. It is all good counsel from a man who has spent much of his life, both professional and personal, in fighting the draft. Lynn's remark that if every draft resister insisted on a jury trial, two percent of those called to service could force the federal court system to grind to a halt, is a reminder that we may not yet have heard all the arguments in the great draft debate.

Ghetto Children Talk

by Boris Weintraub

More than 18,000 schoolchildren in Washington, D.C.'s Cardozo ghetto area have a new "textbook" – a 48-page, four-color booklet of their impressions of the recent "civil disturbances."

Young children usually are ignored during a riot. Attention shifts to teenagers and adults, police and soldiers. But the school officials decided that

Children of Cardozo Tell It Like It Is
(Published by the Social Studies Curriculum Program of the Education Development Center, Cambridge, Mass.)

children in the Cardozo neighborhood, where at least 80 percent of the destruction and looting took place, should be allowed to tell what they saw and how they felt. The result is "Children of Cardozo Tell It Like It Is."

These children are in a semi-autonomous segment of the D.C. school system known – more in hope than with accuracy – as the Model School Division. Its head, Assistant Superintendent Norman Nickens, wrote his teachers three days after the rioting erupted:

> "In an effort to be of help to you in helping your students deal with their feelings about the riot and the assassination of Dr. King, a list of questions for student response is attached. Use these today and in the coming days to initiate meaningful expression. Do not force your regular curriculum. REMEMBER, CLASS SIMPLY CANNOT GO ON AS USUAL. Unusual events have occurred, and your children are preoccupied with these. In time of crisis, children learn rapidly. Therefore, make use of the events of the April 5 weekend to help them learn."

How right Nickens was is demonstrated in the booklet, printed with the aid of two foundations by a Negro printing firm in the ghetto and distributed free to each child in the Model School Division as a text for future study. Ghetto children, in case we didn't know it, have a wide range of ideas that they can express eloquently and with insight, even if their spelling is incorrect and their syntax awkward.

Some of the children admitted that they took part in the looting on 7th and 14th Streets, the two main commercial streets in the area:

> "I took things because everybody did and we did not have anything so we took what we want."

The burning of stores?:

> "The stores should have been burned because a white man killed Dr. Martin Luther King."
>
> "The stores in my neighborhood should have been burned because the owners are white."
>
> "The stores in my neighborhood should have been burned because the people who worked in them acted mean and nasty and the owners were not trying to do anything bout it."
>
> "The stores in my neighborhood should have been burned because the prices were to hi."

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Many, however, condemned the looting and burning, often for very pragmatic reasons:

"The stores in my neigborhood should not have been burned because a lot of people were put out of jobs. The people who burned down the grocery stores had nowhere to get food. The people who didn't take a part in the riots had to go to Maryland to shop or they suffered with the other people. Burning down stores caused millions of dollars damage. A lot of these people will never get their businesses put up again."

The feeling the poorest black children felt for Martin Luther King comes through in their comments. Many drew pictures of him, his wife and his funeral. They wrote:

"Dr. Martin Luther King was the king of the colored people."

"Martin Luther King Jr. was a great leader because he taught the colored and some white people only nonviolence."

"His dream wasn't like most dreams it wasn't just him in the dream he wanted everybody in his dream. He wanted to take us to the promised land." "He wanted us to be free. All the way."

The pupils were asked what they would do if they were white:

"If I were a white person I would rebuild my store because I would give the Negro people another chance."

"If I were a white person I would put tar over me or go to a place and hide."

"If I were a white person this weekend I will go somewhere where they cannot find me."

"If I were a white person this weekend I would put Soul Brother up."

Asked for a definition of soul, the pupils showed an astonishing awareness and racial pride: "A soul brother is a Negro who knows he's a nigger and respects it," said one. "Soul brothers mean black power and people who are proud of their color," said another.

Most agreed that white people can be soul brothers: "A soul brother or sister may also be a white person who are for black people." "I think Robert Kennedy is a soul brother because he likes colored people and he tries to help us." But several expressed their feelings with bitterness. One youth wrote a brief poem: "I march and march, my feet get bigger, I pray and pray but I'm still a nigger!" Then he scrawled in big letters which took up most of the page, "That What I Call Soul."

Most poignant, perhaps, are the descriptions of the kind of life the children would like. A two-page color centerpiece, for example, shows a drawing of one child's version of yesterday and tomorrow. Yesterday has people trying to put out fires, a policeman wielding a nightstick, broken windows. Tomorrow shows two people about to enter one of a series of neat, clean high-rise buildings.

Put in words:

"I would like my street to look like a brand new neighborhood with changed people who are friendly to others no matter what color."

"I would like my neighborhood to look like a clean street with flowers growing in the yards."

"I would like my neighborhood to be clean and beautiful, and I would like to have a swimming pool. I would like to have a playground with everything. I would not like to live in a dirty neighborhood. I wish I could live in a house that has 15 rooms."

Finally, this expression of a dream, mingled with a wish to escape the ghetto, the riots and everything else the boy knows so well:

"Right now I want to be American, not a black man and not a white man but an American boy. To do the right things because now I go to school and want to go to U.C.L.E. college when I grow up. To have a wife and have a family a house with a big yard for my children. To change the war between the races so there will not be a black man and a white man but an American man. To remember that you can not judge a man from a color. Right now I would like to forget about Black Power, Soul and all the burning of stores. I would like to forget about 14th Street."

Correspondence

The New Republic welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.

"Why I Am for Kennedy"

Sirs:

In his article, "Why I Am for Kennedy" (May 4) Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., writes: "One boggles a little at Senator McCarthy's Pittsburgh suggestion that William Bundy, so long a figure in the escalation policy, would be an acceptable replacement for Secretary Rusk." McCarthy's suggestion for Rusk's successor was Mike Mansfield; William Bundy was a bitter ironic joke. This, I suppose Arthur Schlesinger in his ardor and simplicity of heart could be expected to miss. And how can Schlesinger describe Hubert Humphrey as a "man of superior intelligence and *character*," a man who Kennedy's supporter, Jack Newfield, says "would surely be judged as a war criminal if the Vietnamese ever conducted their own Nuremberg Trials?"

Robert Lowell
New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

I have two questions: First, how effective would Senator Kennedy be in dealing with Congress? Because of the personal antipathy toward Kennedy by key Southern congressmen, it would seem likely that he would have difficulty in persuading a reluctant Congress to pass legislation guaranteeing income, jobs, better housing, etc. Certainly this kind of legislation will do more to reconcile the country than would electing a President who is popular with minority

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groups. Perhaps Vice President Humphrey, because of his great legislative experience, or Senator McCarthy, with his less divisive personality, would have more success in dealing with the Congress.

Secondly, how effective would Senator Kennedy be in persuading private enterprise to invest in the ghettos? A recent *Fortune* article indicated Kennedy's unpopularity in the business community. Both Vice President Humphrey and Senator McCarthy are more popular and here again they might have greater success.

I am a Kennedy supporter and believe that the Senator has the right solutions for the country's problems, but I am not a hundred percent sure that he is the right man to try to put these ideas into effect.

Steve Blackhurst
Claremont, Calif.

Sirs:

The distinguished historian and Kennedy confidant – with all this implies – finds himself "puzzled" by the hostility shown by many voters to his candidate. . . . Many of us remember the Kennedy "juggernaut" of West Virginia prior to the 1960 Convention and the merciless slaughter of Hubert Humphrey, at that time the pride and joy of the liberal community. Many of us remember the public trial and condemnation of James Hoffa before a court heard and considered the accusations. Many of us, especially in New York, remember the Robert Kennedy who courted the most reactionary bosses in New York State in his bid for the senatorial nomination and his subsequent election, we remember how he catered to Charles Buckley and Stanley Steingut, how he supported Frank O'Connor and Abraham Beame.

I see Kennedy in a toga, refusing the laurels and entreaties of all Americans who oppose the Johnson Administration, refusing these laurels three times amid the clamor of the liberal leadership. And then he desperately reaches for that which was offered him after a principal battle had been fought and won, by a man from Minnesota with conviction, ideals and a deep respect for the electorate.

Bernard Rabb
Ossining, N.Y.

Sirs:

Schlesinger's "Why I Am for Kennedy" is undoubtedly a work of art. As history, however, it is somewhat less convincing.

Schlesinger writes: "Senator McCarthy has said that Senator Kennedy took part in the decisions leading up to the Bay of Pigs. Senator McCarthy is mistaken. As one present at all those ghastly meetings, I can testify that the Attorney General was not there. It was because of the Bay of Pigs that President Kennedy resolved to make no subsequent major decisions in foreign affairs thereafter without his brother's counsel." . . . Are we to believe that the President did not inform his brother of what went on and did not ask for his suggestions and comments? I remind Professor Schlesinger that he has already informed us in his *A Thousand Days* that it was the Attorney General who finally took him aside and *told* him not to push his criticisms about the Bay of Pigs project.

Gary J. Owens
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. has convinced us that Robert Kennedy might indeed pick up where his brother left off, revivifying 20th-century liberalism (the "vital center"?) and streamlining it into a more effective implement for maintaining US hegemony abroad and the illusion of progress at home. The signs are all there: Hilsman, Sorensen, Gilpatric, and other *Realpolitikers* jump aboard the bandwagon; Bobby unveils a responsible plan to open the ghettos to the redeeming powers of private capital; his speechwriters exhort us to "do better" while they remain prudently vague about where and how. Then too, we have Schlesinger himself to remind us of the "rational analysis, careful discussion" Bobby supplied during the Cuban missile crisis of October 1962 when (and for Schlesinger this appears to be the "given" of that situation) his brother brought the world to the brink of incineration to prevent the Russians from doing in Cuba what we had been and still are doing all over the world. Perhaps during the next Kennedy round, Professor Schlesinger will get one more chance to provide the literary justification for a new counterinsurgency operation (handled, we hope, more adroitly than the Bay of Pigs or the Taylor-Staley plan in Vietnam), with a no-nonsense tract about how another of those Goddamn revolutions got "betrayed." . . .

But of course I'm being unfair. People learn from past errors. JFK and his pragmatists recoiled in distaste from Dulles' heavy-handed foreign policy, just as Bobby and his advisers would presumably try to rectify Johnson's blunders of overenthusiasm – his "strategy of overkill," as Schlesinger calls it.

Richard B. Du Boff
Bryn Mawr, Penna.

California Grape Pickers

Sirs:

The April 13, 1968, issue of *The New Republic* contained a Martin Roysher and Douglas Ford piece entitled "California Grape Pickers Will Soon Be Obsolete." . . . The hand-picking of table grapes (for which no mechancial harvesting is in sight), a substantial activity of Delano area grape workers, is not even mentioned. The article states that with mechanical harvesting of wine grapes, "after conversion only a few pruners will work where hundreds worked before." Actually, the total amount of pruning will be undiminished. Part of it will be done in the winter, part of it in the spring (deshooting and deflorating in the crown of the vine) – thereby making vineyard work less seasonal.

Even more serious than the errors of omission or of fact is the concluding quotation – two phrases out of context, from my book *Responsible Individualism*, a modern political philosophy. See Chapter "Hypocrisy," pages 155, 156 and 157. The key sentences relevant to the Roysher-Ford distortion are: "There were sincere people in this organized effort (the Delano march) to bring a serious problem to the attention of the citizens of California. Their courage and dedication is to be commended. . . . The sincere and objectively concerned participants were outnumbered and overshadowed by an outpouring of subjective motivation." . . .

Wallace Johnson, Mayor
Berkeley, Calif.

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In reply . . .

The initial impact of the machine on wine-grape harvesters is no accident. The union contracts cover only wine-grape ranches. The machine, however, will affect all grape workers, union and non-union, as it will replace with two operators seventy harvesters. Pruners are a small minority of the total grape workers, and Mr. Johnson's misreading does not alter the fact that a few pruners alone will work where hundreds of pruners and harvesters have worked before. Furthermore, the developers of the system as well as Mr. Johnson expect the machine to be perfected to harvest table grapes (a more delicate operation) in a few years. Mr. Johnson should know that the first priority of the new system, as stated by the Agricultural Extension Service of the University of California, is to "remove grower dependence on harvest labor."

Despite Mr. Johnson's lip service about the "courage" and "dedication" of the "genuine" grape workers, he continues to develop a machine which will put them *all* out of work. We too would refer your readers to Mr. Johnson's chapter entitled "Hypocrisy," where they will also find his only references to the complaints of the grape workers.

Douglas Ford
Martin Roysher
Berkeley, Calif.

Dick Gregory Defended

Sirs:

John Osborne's report of the post-uprising Georgetown teach-out where Dick Gregory spoke was certainly fuller than the Washington press reports, but hardly more accurate. . . . I am pleased that he thought Tom Hayden, Harvey Cox, and I had "worthy and stirring" things to say, but baffled that he did not "hear" the worthy and stirring things Gregory and Jim Bevel and Julius Hobson and Willie Hardy said. . . .

An example of total mishearing: Gregory, after cataloguing the ethnic rebellions of the blacks, the Indians, the chicanos, said (to the best of my memory and that of five others I have asked): "If Jews ever got to hear what white Gentiles say behind their backs to black Gentiles, then the Jews would have taken their heads out of their asses and burned this country down a long time ago." Is that anti-Semitic? Or is it a call to Jews to realize that they too – like the young, and like every other non-homogenized culture in America – are oppressed, and should join the rebellion?

More basically, Mr. Osborne totally misunderstood Gregory if he thought Gregory was saying whites were now the niggers and blacks must now be rulers. Gregory's point was that whites *are niggers too and always have been* – in relation to the Establishment that rules America. He made clear that whites should not think they are free men whose duty it is to help or protect unfree blacks – but men who, themselves unfree, must liberate themselves. A radical, not a racist position. In this way Gregory connected with Bevel's critique of capitalism – which, he argued, could never end poverty because it needed to keep some people "underneath." It is not necessary to agree with a radical anti-capitalist position, in order to report it accurately and treat it as one of the honorable traditions of the Left. . . .

Arthur I. Waskow
Washington, D. C.

Kauffmann, *from page 24*

rational answer than can usually be given to the question. But what's in it for audiences? Those who know the novel will get only sporadic entertainment and will certainly not feel that they have "seen" the book. Those who do not know the novel may get somewhat more pleasure but probably less than they have had from many historical films made from more malleable sources. Certainly they will get small indication from this film as to why *War and Peace* is a better novel than *Ben Hur* or *Gone With the Wind.*

Note: Stanley Kubrick has cut 19 minutes out of *2001: A Space Odyssey* since it opened. This, I assume, reduces its sags and allows viewers to get more fun out of Kubrick's excellent technological imagination. But can it repair the picture's structure, fulfill the theme, or supply the sadly missing distinctive Kubrick tone?

Happier Note: Readers may remember my comments (March 23) on the French government's brusque dismissal of Henry Langlois as the director of the Cinémathèque Française. On April 22 he was reinstated under a compromise plan worked out between the government and the General Assembly of the Cinémathèque. Langlois will have complete artistic control of the institute and its two theatres. The government has set up a separate corporation for the care and storage of prints. (Their only stated objection had been to his untidiness – inarguable – in this matter.) The government will give no subsidy to Langlois' operations. His financing, which has been guaranteed, will be from private sources.

So, for a change, there is a pleasant ending to an unpleasant incident. No congratulations to André Malraux and his Ministry of Culture. All congratulations to those around the world whose protests forced Malraux to do at last what he should have done at first.

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